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THE LATE MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Some weeks ago there was a quotation or two from Shakspeare in these Notes in connection with whist. "Will you listen," writes a Melbourne correspondent, a member of the Drayson Whist Club, "to an echo to them from the Antipodes?" It is perhaps the only instance of an echo, coming, too, from so considerable a distance, being stronger than the original. It proves, too, that in topsyturvy land there are as attentive students of Shakspeare as in this country, and certainly removes from Australia, at least, the common reproach that attaches to a colony of its having no humour. If the Bard of Avon was not himself a whist-player, it is made plain that he understood the rules and terms of whist from first to last. "The conversation of the game," as Cavendish calls it, could, in fact, be solely carried on by Shaksperian queries and replies—

"Come let us all take hands." ("Antony and Cleopatra.")

"Worthy friends, will you draw?" ("Timon of Athens.")

"The table's full." ("Macbeth.")

"When we have shuffled." ("Hamlet.")

"Why, after I have cut?" ("King Lear.")

"Come, come; deal." ("Hamlet.")

When a Court card is turned up by an adversary, one may well say of it, "I like not such grinning honour" ("Henry IV."), or, of an ace by ourselves, "As sure a card as ever won" ("Titus Andronicus"). Then at starting, "I prythee now lead" ("Tempest"); "Hast thou no suit?" ("Merry Wives"). If a Singleton is led, we are surely justified in saying "A horrid suit" ("Henry V."), though the player would not be allowed to remark openly, "My suit is at an end" ("Henry VI.").

A deal out of turn (apparently by a lady) is described, "Then away she started to deal" ("King Lear"); and still more humorously a revoke—

"Why, would he for the momentary trick be perdurably fin'd?" ("Measure for Measure.")

Exposed Card: "Set't down, let's look upon it." ("Pericles.")

Penalties: "I'll call for clubs" ("Henry VI."), to which the victim might (and often does in his heart) retort, "A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch incapable of pity, void and empty from any dram of mercy." ("Merchant of Venice.")

A Yarborough: "Nothing but low and little." ("Midsummer Night's Dream.")

The last trick turned. "Things that are passed are done with." ("Antony and Cleopatra.")

Honours easy: "Every one of us has a single honour." ("Coriolanus.")

The call for trumps, unnecessary to a good player: "I have a head, Sir, that will find out; never trouble Peter for the matter" ("Romeo and Juliet"). The wit of this application is admirable, yet equalled by the following description of a cross-ruff, "The stealth of our most mutual entertainment" ("Measure for Measure").

Most of us have had reason to exclaim, "What means that trump?" ("Timon of Athens") and even, "Oh, horror! horror! horror! Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!" ("Macbeth"); while some of us have even gone the length of saying or thinking, "Let him have a table by himself" ("Timon of Athens").

The Growler is well described, "You do wrong your hand too much" ("Romeo and Juliet"); and the Domestic Rubber, "Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house" ("Hamlet").

One of the best, though the simplest of all, is the advice, culled from "Othello," to put the ace on knave, "Let him not pass, but kill him, rather"; but the whole of the "Shakspeare Whist-player's Guide," as my correspondent calls his collection, is teeming with wit and relevancy.

A very delicate description of puffery—what one may almost call advertisement lacework—is now in vogue in certain fashionable establishments. In the parcel of goods you have ordered from it you find a private letter, obviously dropped in by accident. Your first impulse is to return it unopened, but on looking at the beginning, "My dear Lady So-and-So," the temptation to see how a lady of title is corresponded with by an intimate friend is too much for you—which is exactly the effect intended. The letter is dated from a "Park" or a "Court," and is full of confidential chat about the most fashionable of individuals; but somewhere the writer manages to slip in the sentence, "I send you the address of the establishment you ask for," which gives the desired opportunity. "You will find them most attentive and obliging, and they have the completest stock of" bonnets or mantles, or jewellery, as the case may be. "With my tribe of girls, as you may guess, the difference between their prices and those of ordinary shops is a consideration." Then we have some more fashionable gossip, with a French phrase or two, and eventually a postscript; "I forgot to say that my sister, Lady [another lady of title] always deals with the same people, and you know she is very fastidious." If this establishment does not command success it will at all events have deserved it. How very different is this subtle appeal to the instincts of the customer from the old directness of

style in advertising, such as "Fifty years of indescribable agony," cured by somebody's pills in a week!

How seldom it is that a definition fulfils its purpose! That of a proverb, "The wisdom of many and the wit of one," is, indeed, an example to the contrary that at once occurs to one, but, though admirably epigrammatic, it is incomplete. In a late interesting case of testamentary capacity a court of law has defined the kind of delusion that constitutes legal madness. It is "a belief in facts which no rational person would have believed; but," it is added, "you must not arbitrarily take your own mind as the measure . . . but put the question, 'Can I understand how any man in his senses could have believed it?' and if your answer is in the negative, then you may say that the man is not sane." This definition seems to fail in one very important point—namely, in the matter of religious belief. The opinions, for example, of Jonathan Edwards, once an authority among the Calvinists, are still doubtless held by some of his disciples. We cannot in these days understand how any man in possession of his senses can believe such things and yet be sane; but (according to their own account at least) men do believe them, and are most certainly sane as regards other matters. Of the difficulties of definition Sydney Smith affords a striking example: no one had a better right to speak with authority upon the nature of wit and humour, but he can only attribute the basis of the one to surprise and of the other to incongruity, which is much the same thing. "It is true," he says, "that a child who in handling a wooden map finds the kingdom or republic which fits into the proper hole feels exactly the sensation of wit," but he confesses that he has in this only defined the cause: "I can no more define the feeling of wit itself than I can define the flavour of venison." And the same thing is true of a thousand things we attempt to define, from "What is beauty?" to "What is a pound?" The only sort of definition that is really satisfactory is epigrammatic, like that of Lord John Russell's above quoted, or the admirable definition of dogmatism ("grown-up puppyism") by Douglas Jerrold.

"Owing to the death of the owner," says (very superfluously) an advertisement in a daily paper, "the heart of a Dauphin of France, who died in 1795, is to be sold by auction." This may certainly be described by the auctioneer, without professional exaggeration, as a "rare lot," and "an opportunity seldom likely to occur again." The use of the indefinite article (*a* Dauphin) contrasts suspiciously with the particularity of the date, for though only one genuine Dauphin died at the time mentioned, there were several sham ones. The heart of a sham Dauphin a hundred years old is not a very precious commodity, and, indeed, for my part, I wouldn't give much for it if he was a real one. The interiors of my deceased fellow-creatures, however admirably preserved, do not interest me; nor are even their bones attractive. If a saint or a hero could be presented to us so perfectly embalmed as to resemble him as he lived, I would give something for him; but a leg or an arm that he could not even recognise himself (unless he had been a very emaciated saint, indeed) seems to me to be deficient in association.

That people should be interested in the gains of a financier—in the knowledge, for example, that Mr. Jay Gould died worth so many millions—is natural enough, but it is strange that they should entertain the same curiosity about the earnings of a poet or a story-teller. Nevertheless, it is certain that they do so. A writer in the *Critic* has been at the pains to set down the sums received by M. Zola for all his works, both in serial and in book form. This is so far noteworthy, since this novelist is the most popular in France, and it is generally believed that French novelists receive very much better pay for their productions than the English. The total amount of M. Zola's receipts—£80,000—is large, especially when we consider that they are the result of only twenty years' literary labour. But even so, how small when compared with what is gained by the heads of any other profession! If this revelation should have the effect of putting an end to the exaggerated statements so often made as regards the pecuniary rewards of literature, it will not be without its use.

The will of the late Poet Laureate is, no doubt, an interesting document, but it is of too private a nature to be discussed here. One may, however, be permitted to say that, while proving that the very highest class of literature is by no means ill-remunerated, his gains contrast very unfavourably with those made in any other calling by those who have obtained eminence in it. Without repeating the sentimental rubbish about literature being its own reward—a theory which some folk preach even so far as to say there should be no copyright in literary works at all—it is certain that the pursuit of it has some great and exceptional charms of its own, which render a small income made by the pen more attractive than a much larger one earned by other means. What is very curious, the sums received by poets during the last century were, upon the whole, considerably greater than the gains of the prose writers. Pope received more than £5000 for his *Iliad*, which would certainly be given for nobody's *Iliad* nowadays; and Dr. Darwin £600 for his "Botanic Garden," the same sum which Gibbon received for his "History." It is strange, too, how works

that have conferred immortality upon their authors were sold "for a song," while others that the next generation refused to look at were largely remunerated. Goldsmith got but £10 for his "Vicar of Wakefield," whereas Sheridan received £1500 for his "Pizarro," and George Colman a thousand guineas for his "Blue Beard." The first author in England who ever wrote "as a trader" was one Robert Green, who appears to have had a very good notion of business, for he sold his play "Orlando Furioso" to two rival theatres, and was paid by both.

A scientific gentleman has invented an air-filter by means of which, he asserts, not only can a bad atmosphere be improved but be impregnated with the volatile extracts of the pine-tree. You can live in Newcastle, as it were, and yet enjoy at home the atmosphere of Bournemouth. I did not myself discover this invention, but it is a quarter of a century ago since I expressed the opinion that it ought to be discovered. It seems amazing when Science "charms her secret from the latest moon" that she cannot import fresh air as easily as fresh herrings. The notion of a filter is crude, and, to judge from its action upon water, which it always renders flat, by no means attractive. Bottled air, so to speak, seems preferable to draught; and why should it not be bottled? We have aerated water, why not aerated air? It would naturally be effervescing; one can hardly imagine mountain air not having a certain exhilaration about it; but not even a teetotaler would object to "pop" of this description. There has always been some scientific difficulty—in connection, it is understood, with pumping it—in bringing sea-water direct from the ocean to London, but it is brought both in cask and in bottle; then why not sea-air? To open a bottle of Brighton air to freshen up a friend in London would be an act of graceful hospitality within the reach of almost every purse, though bottled specimens of atmosphere from mountainous districts would naturally be dearer, on account of the expense of transit. Science has certainly been slow in this matter, and much behind imagination.

The complaints in the City of the habits of pilfering among office-boys of "unconsidered trifles" in the way of postage stamps, &c., in order to buy coupons in the "missing-word" competitions is only an echo of what used to happen in the old lottery days. People would beg, borrow, or steal in order to acquire even one sixty-fourth of a lottery ticket. It was not the losses that the system entailed upon its devotees so much as the occasional gains that did the mischief. A hundred years ago the *Times* informs us that "the £20,000 prize drawn on Friday is divided solely among poor persons: a female servant in Brook Street, Holborn, had a sixteenth, a woman who keeps a fruit-stall in Gray's Inn Lane another, a third is possessed by a servant of the Duke of Roxburghe, and a fourth by a Chelsea carrier of vegetables to Covent Garden." One can imagine how these strokes of luck excited that vast community to whom no large sum of money ever comes except by chance. The Government lotteries were, however, at least honestly conducted, but their success caused a number of private ones to be started—just as would have happened had the "missing-word" craze lasted—which were fraudulent. The wheels were so constructed that the numbers could be drawn out and kept in at pleasure; and as the tickets were low-priced, these "little goes," as they were called, were very much patronised.

The failure of the late attempt to make political capital out of private conversation will be hailed with satisfaction by every honourable man. The present prevalence of politics in social life is itself deplorable: it interferes with intelligent conversation, ousts from it subjects of far more interest and attraction, and brings the brightest talker down to the level of the dullest; but if we are to have what is said at the dinner-table repeated on the platform, politicians had better dine alone. Everyone knows in what a very different sense an utterance is taken at one place from what it bears in another, and those who form the audience of public meetings are not exactly the sort of persons to "track Suggestion to her inmost cell." They prefer statements "to the purpose, easy things to understand," and not only "joke with difficulty" but do not easily discriminate jokes from earnest. Hitherto it has been permitted even to the most serious of men to take, in their hours of ease, a humorous view of the very questions with which their names are associated, but if their sallies are to be quoted against them in the marketplace (or, at all events, the Townhall) they must give up that harmless recreation. As soon as the breath is out of our bodies it is now the custom to make our letters public property—"it is but just the many-headed beast should know"—but the conversation we indulge in among our friends is often what it cannot understand and, in any case, has no right to be told. There is probably not a politician in England who has not at one time or another "given himself away" across the mahogany or over a cigar again and again if his postprandial utterances are to be recorded against him. I remember a remark made by Russell, of the *Scotsman*, upon a similar breach of confidence thirty years ago. "If this sort of thing goes on, after-dinner conversation will become very dull"; then, after a moment's reflection, and with a twinkle of his eye, he added, "or extremely interesting."

"MY ALTER EGO."

A CHAT WITH MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

Fresh from a case at the Guildhall, Mr. Charles W. Mathews—the eminent barrister whom the late Montagu Williams described as "the very best pupil I ever had"—very kindly gave a representative of the *Illustrated London News* a pleasant tribute to the deceased advocate. The readers of "Leaves of a Life" may remember a sentence therein: "I really believe that young Mathews could tell more about me than I am able to do myself, for he was my *alter ego*." Accordingly, Mr. Mathews's analysis of his old friend acquires more than ordinary interest.

"It is rather difficult, just as the blow which we have been expecting so long has come, to talk about Montagu Williams. I can never forget his kindness to me from 1868, when I entered his chambers, down to the last days of his life. How ready he was to help young men! If he could give an encouraging word to a junior in court, whether opposed to him or not, Montagu Williams always did it. Professionally, one of his distinguishing points, I always considered, was a hatred of detail. He liked, as you suggest, a large canvas better than a Meissonier. He wanted to be effective, and many have called him the most effective barrister of our times. No elaboration for him if he could help it; but give him the facts, and he would bring the scene before your eyes with an actor's skill. I distinguish between dramatic and merely theatrical oratory. His was the former, and sometimes he rose to a very high level of real eloquence. After the Lamson trial, Mr. A. L. Smith (then junior counsel for the Crown, now Lord Justice of Appeal) remarked to me that he never heard a more wonderful ten minutes of oratory than Montagu Williams's peroration. That was high praise, coming from such a critic. I shall never forget it. You may recollect that Lamson's wife had stolen close up to the dock one evening, in the dusk of the court, and pressed his hand in sympathy. That little woman had had a fearful contest between her feelings for her husband and her love of her murdered brother. Montagu Williams saw the incident. It only lasted a few moments, but how skillfully he used it! 'This man has a wife. Who stood by him in the hour of poverty? That wife. Did you notice her on the first day? A thin, spare figure came up to the dock and took him by the hand, saying by her presence, "Though all men be against you, though all the world be against you, in my heart there is room for you still." . . . You can have no idea of the pathos he put into those sentences. They ring in my ears yet."

"I believe Mr. Montagu Williams was considered a jurymen's barrister, was he not?"

"Well, yes; he knew by quick intuition what would impress a jury; and I must confess that he would rather win a verdict against a judge's summing-up than by it—though he had the greatest respect for the Bench, which was reciprocated by the judges. He knew, too, what he could do with a witness—and, more important still, what he could *not* do. It was the genius of a glance which seemed to tell him just what sort of man he had in the box. And I must mention his judgment, for that was a strong point in his character. He would lay out what I might term a 'plan of campaign' in conducting a big case, and adhere to it with great determination."

"You spoke of his dislike of details; how did he manage with all the minute chemical questions in, for instance, the Lamson case?"

"Oh, Dr. Stevenson's wonderfully intricate analysis in that trial nearly drove him mad with impatience. Much as he disliked detail, under the exigencies of a case requiring its mastery he would sit down and conquer it. Some counsel, you know, are just in their element with a plan or a model in front of them. Montagu Williams simply abhorred such things!"

"Which do you think, Mr. Mathews, was his greatest effort at the Bar?"

"Personally, I consider that his speech in defence of Lamson was his best as regards real eloquence. He himself thought that his finest work was the speech for Lefroy. But he had not to contend against the difficulties in the latter trial which existed in the Lamson case. And it needed difficulties to prove Montagu Williams's great powers as an advocate. I knew him for nearly twenty years at the Bar, and during that time he never was out of England for a holiday for a week. When he found me going off for a little rest he used to speak quite seriously about my laziness!"

"Were you present in court when Mr. Williams finally recognised the serious condition of his voice?"

"No; happily I was not. It was during a case in which he was specially retained, tried before Sir James Stephen, on the South-Eastern Circuit. The tender and considerate disposition of that judge was never properly appreciated by the general public, in my opinion. Because Mr. Justice Stephen had a big voice it was thought that he was

harsh. Nothing of the sort. He has one of the kindest hearts in the world. When he noticed Montagu Williams struggling against the pain which was troubling him he came off the bench and sat down near the counsels' table so that he might hear without causing extra exertion."

"And after the operation, Mr. Mathews, did he ever appear as an advocate again?"

"Well, I remember his going to a police-court in London, where he made the effort, as an experiment, of cross-examining a witness. He asked us if we had heard him clearly. We said, as diplomatically as we could, that though we had heard him this time, yet it would not be wise for him to go back to the wear and tear of his old work. And so he accepted a magistracy, and left the Bar, to the intense regret of those who had so often listened to his eloquent pleading."

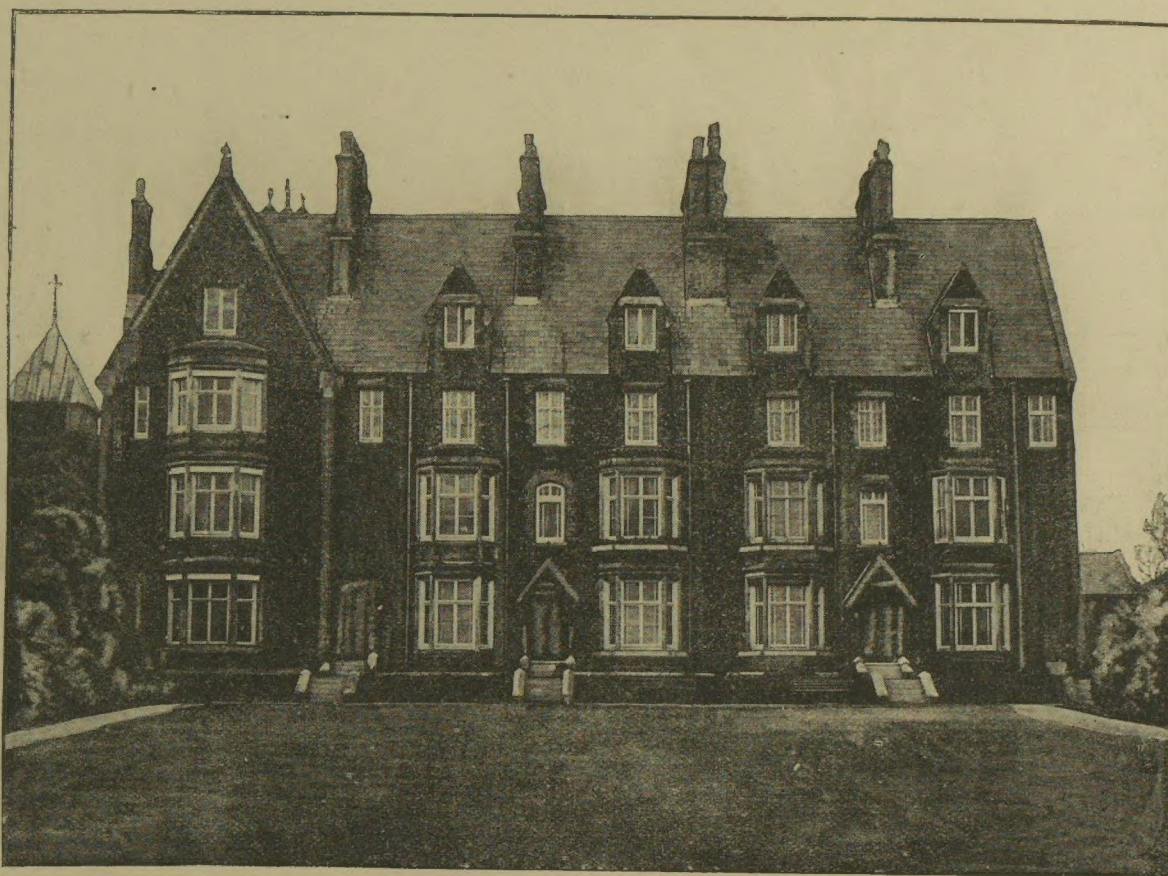
"As to his social gifts?"

"Well, no man could unbend more quickly after the day's work was over. He was a first-rate talker. Oh, yes, he talked 'shop,' but then it was such good 'shop.' Besides, he had so many theatrical anecdotes and stories of people he had met, and told them so graphically that his conversation was most enchainning. He was proud, and justifiably proud, of his popularity, for no man ever more thoroughly deserved it. We shall ever remember the genial goodness and generosity of Montagu Williams, as well as the great genius of the man."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

Mr. Montagu Williams, Q.C., whose name as a barrister, and latterly as a police-court magistrate, was known far beyond



"ELLERAY," CHATHAM TERRACE, RAMSGATE, THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS DIED.

Photo by F. T. Palmer, Ramsgate.

merely legal circles, died at his Ramsgate home on Friday, Dec. 23. His varied career, briefly detailed, was as follows: He was born at Freshford, Somerset, in 1834—the son of a barrister and the grandson of a lawyer. He went to Eton, thereafter becoming a classical master at the Grammar School in Ipswich. Joining the army at the time of the Crimean War, he was connected with the South Lincoln Militia, the 96th Foot, and then the 41st. When his regiment was ordered to the West Indies, he entered the theatrical world, where he was ever at home. A farce which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. F. C. Burnand had more than ordinary success. Mr. Williams married Miss Keeley, the daughter of the venerable actress who still survives. Mrs. Williams predeceased her husband. Urged by his friends to adopt the Bar, Montagu Williams entered as a student at the Inner Temple in 1859, and three years later was "called." It was a case of instantaneous success, for briefs quickly found their way to him, especially if they were for the defence of a criminal. Great causes which loomed largely before the public were constantly associated with Montagu Williams. The Belt case, the "Penge Mystery," the defence of Madame Rachel, and the Lamson and Lefroy cases all engaged Mr. Montagu Williams's great powers as an advocate. He has told many interesting stories of his clients in "Leaves of a Life," which quickly proved a popular book, in 1890. Subsequently, "More Leaves of a Life" and "Round London: Down East and Up West" attested the facile literary style which belonged to Mr. Williams. A malignant growth in his throat caused the great barrister to withdraw from his active work in 1886, and, after an operation, he accepted a police magistracy, sitting first at Woolwich and afterwards at Marylebone, the Thames, and Worship Street police-courts. He showed genuine sympathy with the destitute poor, and was much beloved by them for his energetic generosity on their behalf. Mr. Charles Dickens, the editor of *Household Words* (in which the sketches contained in "Round London: Down East and Up West"

originally appeared), wrote the preface to this last literary work of Mr. Montagu Williams. It was published only a few days before his death. Mr. Dickens recalled the fact that he was a fellow-pupil at Eton forty-two years ago with the great barrister. In this preface he remarks that "it is easy to see that proud, and justly proud, as Montagu Williams was of his brilliant career at the Bar, he was prouder still in his later years of the title, 'the poor man's magistrate,' which he so well and worthily earned 'down East' in London."

Montagu Williams had for some time fought bravely against the insidious disease from which he died at the age of fifty-eight, mourned by everyone who knew him. The funeral took place on Dec. 26 at Brompton Cemetery.

THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

There are several very interesting pantomimes to delight the young and the old this Christmas. There is one at the Crystal Palace, another at the Olympic, another at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and another at the Britannia, Hoxton. But the all-powerful personality of Sir Augustus Harris, coupled with the historic associations of Old Drury, compel the first place to the Drury Lane entertainment. Yet someone should tell Sir Augustus Harris how very far his "book of the words" falls short of what the occasion requires. Life (at Drury Lane) would be tolerable were it not for its humour. The humour of this pantomime is of the roughest Cockney texture. In our overplus of literature there must surely be someone who can write a really brilliant pantomime book; but it is clearly not Sir Augustus Harris nor his colleague, Mr. Wilton Jones. But this growl is the preliminary to unstinted praise. Every successive spectacular performance of Sir Augustus Harris is pronounced unsurpassed, and yet it is difficult not to

feel that in the procession of sports and in the procession of well-known nursery rhymes and fairy tales Drury Lane has quite outdone all previous efforts. With some measure of curtailment, and particularly the abandonment of the tubbing of Hop-o'-my-Thumb (Little Tich)—an offensive proceeding on the stage—and a general brightening of the dialogue, we can foresee that "Little Bo-Peep" will be pronounced the best of a long series of brilliant pantomimes.

MINIATURES

AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.

"I have no handsome jewellery like you," says Miss Piper in "Wives and Daughters," looking with admiring eyes at a large miniature set round with pearls which served as shield to Miss Phoebe's breast. "It is handsome," that lady replied. "It is a likeness of my dear mother: Dorothy has got my father on." Photography, alas! has driven such "handsome jewellery" quite out of fashion, but it is pleasant for those of us who are conservative in these matters to turn to the collection now on the walls of the Fine Art Society in Bond

Street. Here is the Duchess of Kent, mother of our Queen, painted in the very year the Princess Victoria was born; here is the Marquise de Noailles, ill-fated member of a famous house; here is Mrs. Siddons, the queen of tragedy, and here Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the queen of blue-stockings; here, again, is Queen Charlotte, who lives for us first of all through Fanny Burney's pages. In an introduction to the Fine Art Society's Catalogue, Mrs. Norman Grosvenor tells in brief the history of miniature-painting, and sighs, as we all sigh, over the decay of an art long grown unfashionable.

DECORATIONS FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

On Monday, Dec. 19, at the Horse Guards, the Duke of Cambridge presented the new Volunteer decoration to seventy officers of the Metropolitan and Home Counties Volunteer brigades. The arrangement was that only the honorary colonels and colonels commandant entitled to the decoration should be present; but in case of a colonel commandant being ineligible his place was taken by the senior officer of his regiment entitled to it. All were in full dress. Among those to be decorated were Lord Wantage, commanding the Home Counties Brigade; Sir Frederick Leighton, Honorary Colonel of the Artists; Colonel Gordon Ives, 18th Middlesex R. V.; and Lord Addington, Bucks Volunteers. Major-General Lord Methuen, and other officers of the staff were present. The Duke of Cambridge was received by a guard of honour of the Queen's Westminsters, under command of Major Probyn. His Royal Highness entered the Levée Room, attended by Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Reginald Gipps, and Viscount Downe. The Duke addressed the Volunteer officers, saying that he was much gratified by having been selected to deliver the decoration; he then moved into his own room, followed by the different brigades in succession. Each officer being named by his brigadier, the Duke presented him with a case containing the decoration.



THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.



Harriet Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans (Ob. 1837), wife of ninth Duke.



Charity.—Angelica Kauffman, R.A.



Portrait of a Lady.—William Wood, R.A.



Mrs. Hester Jane Sheridan, second wife of R. B. Sheridan, daughter of Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester.—Samuel Shelley.



Portrait of a Lady.—Isabey.



Charlotte, Queen of George III., 1744-1818.—Enamel. Henry Bone, R.A., 1801. Signed.



Susan Harriet Catherine, daughter of Alexander, tenth Duke of Hamilton; married in 1832 to Henry, Earl of Lincoln (afterwards fifth Duke of Newcastle).—Bel. 1822. Signed.



Portrait of a Lady.—Andrew Plimer.



Mary Charlotte, wife of Dr. Casbird, and Catherine Diana, wife of Mr. Richards.—Samuel Shelley.



Mrs. Siddons, 1755-1831.—William Hamilton, R.A.



Angelica Maria Catherine Kauffman, R.A., 1740-1807. On the top of the miniature is written, "Kauffman Angelica a son amie Adeline Rosalba. For ever. Bologne. 1783." A. Kauffman, R.A. Signed.



H.R.H. Princess Victoria, Duchess of Kent (Ob. 1861). W. Allison, 1819. Signed.



Mrs. Mary Robinson, actress and poetess: "Perdita." Ozias Humphry, R.A.



Marquise de Noailles, mistress of Prud'hon, the painter; committed suicide, 1821.—C. Henard, 1800. Signed.

PERSONAL.

The ecclesiastical ceremony of consecrating a Bishop of the Church of England for Nyassaland was performed on St. Thomas's Day,



THE BISHOP OF NYASSALAND.

Dec. 21, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other Bishops. The new missionary prelate going out to South-East Africa is the Right Rev. Wilfrid Bird Hornby, M.A. of Oxford University, ordained priest in 1877, who has been eight years incumbent of St. Columba, Southwick, near Sunderland. The diocese of

Nyassaland is a more promising field than Uganda seems to be, under present circumstances, for English Church efforts. British sovereignty is there indisputable, and is now ably administered by the Commissioner, Mr. H. H. Johnston; the country is also more readily accessible by the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, as far as the landing-place for Blantyre, a thriving settlement, whence a road has been made to Livingstonia, at the south end of the Lake Victoria Nyassa. The territory on both shores of that lake, inhabited by native tribes who gladly seek protection from the slave-trading marauders, can easily be put in communication with that of the British South Africa Company, and its prospects appear brighter than those of some other inland "spheres of influence" in the Dark Continent, which might derive so much benefit from Christian civilisation. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Rev. William Law, Vicar of Rotherham, whose melancholy and untimely death occurred a few days ago, was known far and wide as the famous Harrow and Oxford cricketer. But his athletic prowess was not his only, nor, indeed, his chief, claim to distinction. He was a conspicuous example of the hard-working parish priest. His rise in the Church had been rapid, and there seemed every reason to believe that he was on the highway to exalted preferment. But death has supervened, and has cut short a career of singular promise and usefulness. Mr. Law was educated at Harrow and Oxford, but before entering upon the active ministry of the Church he put himself under Dean Vaughan's training, and he never ceased to speak of "the Master," as the Dean is affectionately called by his pupils, with gratitude and respect. He served his curacies under the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn first at Beverley, then at Doncaster, and finally at Kensington. In 1883 he took charge of the Harrow School Mission at Hammersmith, and subsequently became Vicar of the Church of Holy Trinity, one of the outcomes of the mission. In 1889 he returned to Yorkshire as vicar of the large and important parish of Rotherham in succession to Canon Quirk. Here he brought to bear upon the problems which faced him the organising skill and administrative ability which had characterised his previous work. He followed the lines laid down by his predecessor, and developed and extended the various agencies in all directions. The congregations at the parish church and the three mission churches grew, and the number of the communicants increased under his pastoral care. Every part of the parish was organised, and the needs of every class of people ministered to. Mr. Law was as much at his ease when standing on a chair and singing one of Mr. Sankey's solos at an open-air service in the slums of "Westgate" as he was in the pulpit of the stately parish church preaching to the mayor and corporation. His death will be a grievous loss to the Church in Yorkshire. The body was brought to London for burial, but there was a preliminary service in Rotherham parish church, which was attended by all classes of parishioners, and the whole town was in mourning. Mr. Law was only forty-one years of age.

The new Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, the Rev. Joseph Rawson Lumby, D.D., is one of the most distinguished divines of our day, and has been actively identified with Cambridge University for a long period of years. He took his degree in 1853, gaining a first class in the Classical Tripos, and he became a Fellow of Magdalen. Among the prizes he carried off were the Cross Divinity Scholarship and the Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship. He held several minor offices in the University, but in 1879 he was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity, the chair of which becomes vacant by his present appointment. He was a member of the Old Testament company of revisers, and his contributions to biblical literature are legion. In Church politics he may be described as a "broad Evangelical," although he has never labelled himself, choosing rather to render service to the whole Church. He was a great friend of the late Archbishop Thomson, who in 1883 made him one of his examining chaplains. Dr. Lumby is not enamoured of the destructive "criticism" of the German schools. Speaking at the Manchester Church Congress he referred to the fact that the Old Testament Scriptures were frequently quoted by Christ and His Apostles, and added that "we need not be afraid of the results of criticism if we consider the spiritual teaching of the Old Testament and how it is applied in the New." But Dr. Lumby is more than a theologian; he has practical ideas on the subject of Church reform. He believes in the adaptation of Church services to modern needs, not by altering the Prayer Book, but rather by extra forms of prayer. He is prepared to authorise the omission of the word "regenerate" in the baptismal office in the case of those who object to it; the omission of some parts of the marriage service often misunderstood by the ignorant; and the substitution in certain circumstances of other words for those of "sure and certain hope" in the burial office. His election to succeed the late Dr. Hort in the coveted chair of Margaret Professor of Divinity has given much satisfaction.

Captain John Vine Hall was a noteworthy personage from the fact that he commanded the Great Eastern on the decease of Captain Anderson. He was first of all a midshipman on the *Inglis*, an East India Company's ship. He speedily rose and became third officer on the *Lord Amherst*, which was wrecked at the mouth of the Hooghly.

His first command was over the *Eosphorus*, which was then taking mails and passengers to India. When he was engaged, at the time of the Crimean War, in conveying troops to Balaclava, Captain Hall wisely and pluckily managed to save every soul on board the ship, which had caught fire. The first ocean voyage of the Great Eastern to New York was successfully carried out under Captain Hall's command. His brother, Dr. Newman Hall, is the well-known preacher and writer. Captain Hall managed for some time the ships of the Panama and Australia Shipping Company at Sydney. He was seventy-nine years old at the time of his decease.

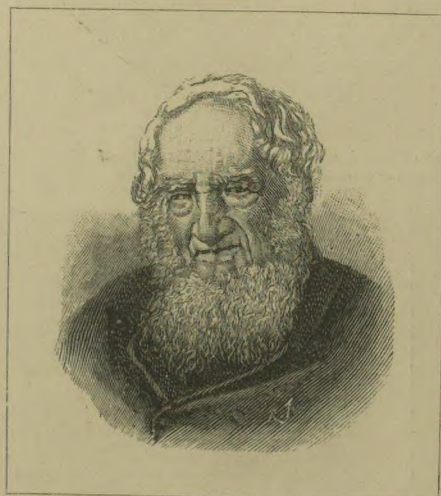
Madame Patti left Craig-y-Nos on Dec. 22 for Nice, with the intention of breaking the journey for a brief space at Paris. A few days before her departure Madame Patti invited her friends in the Swansea valley to a matinee given in her charming little theatre, at which she herself, with Signor Nicolini, Signor Bevigiani, Miss Georgina Ganz, and other artistic friends staying at the Castle, took part in a delightful miscellaneous entertainment. The *clou* of the programme was the diva's matchless rendering of "Una voce poco fa," with new roulades and embellishments, as difficult as they are brilliant and effective, which will hereafter be heard at Nice and elsewhere. Those who were privileged to be present enjoyed a glorious treat, not alone in listening to the Rossinian air, but in also hearing Madame Patti's beautifully expressive delivery of Mascagni's "Ave Maria," and afterwards witnessing her clever and humorous impersonation of Fatima in a stage version of "Blue Beard," given after the style of "L'Enfant Prodigue," with music and action, but no dialogue. Signor Nicolini was in splendid voice, and gave "La mia letizia" quite in his old robust and artistic manner. The accompaniments were faultlessly played by Signor Bevigiani.

By the death of Sir James Mackey, Dublin has lost a prominent and respected citizen, the head of one of her leading mercantile houses, who for many years had taken a keen interest in the municipal affairs of the Irish capital, for which he was twice Lord Mayor, in 1866 and again in 1873, while in 1880 he filled the post of High Sheriff of the City. Sir James, who was born in 1816, was of Scotch extraction, the eldest son of Mr. Stephen Mackey, who was also a merchant of wealth and position in Dublin. He was educated at Carlow College, and received the honour of knighthood in 1874.

It is nearly forty years since General Pemberton, whose retirement from the Royal Engineers is just announced, entered the Bengal service. No man in our Indian Empire has had more experience in the construction and management of railways than General Pemberton, who has long been a distinguished member of the Public Works Department, and five years ago was appointed Secretary for Public Works. There are few parts of India unknown to General Pemberton, and railways, roads, and canals have been constructed in the North-West Provinces, in the Punjab, and in many another district under his experienced and careful eye. But the General's time of service has not entirely, though in great part, been devoted to the arts of peace. During the Mutiny he performed his duty as a gallant officer, and took part in the terrible and historic scenes of Lucknow and of Delhi. The General has lately filled a vacancy in the Council which was caused by Sir Charles Crothwaite's temporary illness.

Lord Rowton, who on the last day of 1892 will become the lordly keeper of a duly registered common lodging-house, which has cost him nearly £30,000, and which he hopes will prove a commercial as well as a social success, was more familiar to the public as Mr. Montagu Corry during the last years of Lord Beaconsfield's life, when the great statesman was generally to be seen taking his constitutional leaning on the arm of his secretary, than he has been since his elevation to the Peerage, but a few months before the Earl's death. His Lordship is the second son of the late Right Hon. Henry Thomas Lowry-Corry, M.P. for County Tyrone, and First Lord of the Admiralty. His mother was a sister of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury, and he is a grandson of the second Earl of Belmore, whose ancestor Mr. James Lowry migrated from Scotland to Ireland in the seventeenth century. Born in 1838, he was called to the Bar in 1863, but abandoned the law for diplomacy, and was private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield from 1866 to '68 and from 1874 to '80. In 1878 he was Secretary to the Special Embassy during the Berlin Congress, and was made C.B. in the same year. Lord Rowton is unmarried. Rowton Castle, Salop, from which he takes his title, was the seat of the late Mr. Henry Lyster, who married Lady Charlotte Ashley Cooper, his Lordship's aunt.

The Rev. E. D. L. Harvey, Rector of Downham Market, Norfolk, writes to the *Times* concerning the death, on Dec. 21, of Emmanuel Gaminara, a survivor of the famous retreat from Moscow.



THE LATE EMMANUEL GAMINARA.

hiding for a few days in the outskirts of the town, went on board a frigate which had just been built at Genoa, and was taken to Toulon, and entered the navy. After serving for four years he deserted and returned to Genoa, where he was kept in concealment by a sister. Tiring of this sort of life, he volunteered as a substitute for the son of a marquis, and the regiment to which he was attached (I believe it was the 2nd Imperial Guards) formed part of the Grand Army which Napoleon led against Russia. He reached Borodino, and was there when news was brought of the burning of Moscow and the order was given to retreat. He survived the horrors of that terrible march, and the fact of his having done so bears testimony to the truth of the statement made by one of the historians of this campaign that the Italians stood the cold better than the inhabitants of the northern countries. Having seen enough of active service, Gaminara

availed himself of the first opportunity of leaving the army, and he was not one of those who joined Napoleon on his return from Elba. After some years' interval he began travelling as courier, and having spent eighteen months in Scotland with one family, he made up his mind never to come to this country again. He was, however, persuaded by Mr. Mason, of Necton, to return on a short visit, but it proved to be a long one; for, marrying a Norfolk woman, he settled down and never afterwards left England. Even after living seventy years in this country he spoke with a strong foreign accent, and it was wonderful to see how his face lighted up when anyone spoke to him of Napoleon. To the end he retained his faculties, and, though during the last few months his strength had been failing, he was able in July last to go to the poll and record his vote. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. B. J. Johnson, Downham Market, Norfolk.

The Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, which is sadly in need of funds to complete its restoration, now being carefully carried out under the supervision of Mr. Pearson, the eminent architect, is the parish church of perhaps the most interesting portion of the old City, and is itself full of historic memories, being one of the few ecclesiastical edifices that escaped the ravages of the Great Fire. Here is one of the finest tombs in London, that of Sir John Crosby, who built Crosby Hall in 1466, immortalised by Shakspeare, who once lived in Bishopsgate, and, doubtless, worshipped in St. Helen's Church. Sir Thomas Gresham, another of our noblest City merchants, also lies here, and so does "the rich" Sir John Spencer, from whom, by marriage, the Marquises of Northampton derive no small part of their princely revenues. There is a fine modern window in St. Helen's commemorating the associations of Shakspeare with the place, given by a rich and appreciative American. The effects of time and decay made it necessary for a thorough restoration to be undertaken, and though much has been accomplished, much still remains to be done to preserve St. Helen's to the citizens of the Metropolis.

A good deal of interest naturally has attached to the excellent article in the *Strand Magazine* on the Queen's Hindustani studies. The

author of that article, Moulvi Rafiuddin Ahmad, belongs to an ancient family at Poona which has been distinguished for its literary capabilities. His father first instructed him in Mohammedan law, and he afterwards joined the Bombay University. His eloquent speech at a general meeting of Mohammedans in Bombay, in

1888, caused his unanimous election as Vice-President of the Anjuman-i-Ishat-ul-Islam of Bombay. In the following year the Moulvi came to England, where he speedily attracted notice by his speeches and literary contributions on Mohammedan topics. His graceful fluency in the English language makes him a speaker who at once commands the attention of an audience. He was, soon after his arrival in England, elected a member of the National Indian Association. Last August he visited the Ottoman Empire, and was received in audience by his Majesty the Sultan, who afterwards presented him with a cigarette-box adorned with diamonds as a mark of his esteem. His reception by her Majesty the Queen—surely one of the most remarkable pupils a man could have—has always been most flattering to the Moulvi. Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The late Mr. John Gibson, the architect, was the sole pupil of Sir Charles Barry when the latter was designing the new Houses of Parliament. With Sir Charles he served three years, and then his help had become so valuable that he remained for six years more. He next commenced practice on his own account, in 1844. He often related that the first building that was erected in Northumberland Avenue was from his plans. It may be remembered that Mr. Gibson was among the eight architects from whom designs were sought for the new Royal Courts of Justice. In Masonic circles Mr. Gibson was also well known.

Mr. Rennell Rodd, who has recently left London for Zanzibar, where he will fulfil the duties of Consul-General during the absence of Sir Gerald Portal on his Uganda mission, is a young diplomatist who has already achieved success and popularity in his career, and is besides known in literary circles as the author of a life of the late Emperor of Germany, written at the express desire of the Empress, and as an authority on modern Hellenism, his book, "The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece," being now in its second edition. Mr. Rodd was at Athens for some time, which gave him excellent opportunities for the study of his favourite subject, on which he will publish ere long another and more important work. Mr. Rodd is an Oxford man, and was very popular at his University. Early in his diplomatic career he was attached at Berlin, and to his then chief, Sir Edward Malet, he dedicated a volume of poems, for he writes poetry as well as prose.

One of the oldest officers in her Majesty's Navy is Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, who on Christmas Eve attained the age of ninety-three, having been born on Dec. 24, 1799. Sir Lewis, who entered the service at a very early age, and "smelt powder" at the battle of Algiers in 1816, where he was rather severely wounded, is an Irishman, being the third son of the late Mr. Lewis Tobias Jones, of Ardnaglass Castle, county Sligo. Two-and-fifty years ago he commanded the Princess Charlotte at Acre, and was captain of the *Samson* at Lagos in 1851. He participated in all the principal operations in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, including the bombardment of Odessa in 1854. In the Chinese War of 1860 he was second in command in the various engagements that took place prior to the capture of Peking. From 1862 to 1865 he was senior officer on the Irish station, and retired from the service in 1870, receiving his G.C.B. three years later. He was made Visitor and Governor of Greenwich Hospital, a post he still holds. The Admiral, who is yet active and in possession of all his faculties, resides at Downend House, Fareham, and takes great personal interest in the management of the Sailors' Home at Portsmouth.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has been spending Christmas, as usual, at Osborne, surrounded by some of her children and grandchildren. The Prince of Wales and his family are at Sandringham. H.R.H. had fulfilled quite a large number of public engagements prior to Christmas, and in the New Year both he and the Duke of York have promised to be present at several interesting functions.

The Prince and Princess of Wales (says the *World*) had a family party at Sandringham for Christmas, including the Duke and Duchess of Fife. There is to be a shoot this week, and great bags are expected. About ten thousand pheasants have been reared at Sandringham this year. The first shoot was during the second week of November, when nine guns killed 5626 head, including 3946 pheasants, in four days. The second shoot was during the last week of November, and the bag was nearly as heavy. The best shooting season at Sandringham was that of 1885-86, when the total bag was 16,131 head, including 7252 pheasants. The best day ever known at Sandringham was Dec. 31, 1885, when ten guns killed 2835 head, including 1275 pheasants. On Nov. 11, 1885, 2060 pheasants were shot, out of a total bag of 2561 head; and on Nov. 9 last nine guns killed 2066 pheasants, out of a total bag of 2481 head. The rabbit-shooting at Sandringham is first-rate, and during the season of 1887-88 upwards of 6000 were killed.

Christmas in Ireland has had a ghastly celebration. On Christmas Eve there was a dynamite explosion close to the Detective Department of Dublin Castle. The outrage was so timed that only an extraordinary chance prevented the wholesale massacre of police-officers. A detective named Synnot, who is believed to have touched the infernal machine, was almost blown to atoms, and much damage was done to the surrounding buildings. There was a sinister choice of occasion for this devilish work, for only a few hours earlier four men, convicted in 1889 of the manslaughter of Inspector Martin at Gweedore, were released by the clemency of the Government. It is suggested that the dynamite outrage was the act of some of the old Fenian party, and was a revenge for the refusal of the Government to liberate the imprisoned dynamiters.

This revival of serious crime in Ireland is viewed with general apprehension, and precautions have promptly been taken for a vigilant watch over public buildings in London. The murder of Detective Synnot has provoked indignant reprobation from both sections of the Irish party. Its immediate political effect is to discourage the agitation for the release of the dynamiters. On this point the position of the Government appears to be a willingness to consider the case of Egan, whose guilt has always been to some extent doubtful, and to liberate Daly should this be absolutely essential to save his life. But with regard to the other dynamiters—notably, the scoundrel Gallagher—Ministers have refused to budge. It is possible, therefore, that another Gallagher has expressed his opinion of this policy in characteristic fashion, but how this can be an incentive to Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith to yield to abominable violence what they denied to the arguments of the Irish members it is difficult to conjecture.

The release of the Gweedore prisoners is justified by the friends of the Government on the grounds that the men have been some years in prison, that the evidence against them for the manslaughter of Inspector Martin was never very strong, the crime having been committed in the course of a riot provoked by the officer's mad folly, and that the man who received the longest sentence was convicted on testimony which suggested to four judges out of nine in the Court of Appeal the propriety of quashing the penalty. On the other hand, it is contended by the Opposition that Mr. Morley has encouraged the Irish people to believe that a policeman may be killed with impunity, or, at any rate, that his killing is a venial offence.

The Stepney election petition ended in a victory for the sitting member. Illegalities had been committed, but they were condoned by Mr. Justice Cave. The member for Walsall was unseated because his agent had paid for hat-cards, but Mr. Isaacson keeps his seat at Stepney though his agent was guilty of a host of irregularities, and even burnt his account books before the trial. This decision has excited much sympathy with the member for Walsall.

Mr. Michael Davitt has been unseated in North Meath for the reasons which voided the election in South Meath. The violent pastoral of Bishop Nulty was the chief rock of offence. There is a dash of irony in the fate which has befallen Mr. Davitt, who has never been a beloved son of the Church. It is said that he will refuse to enter public life again, but his withdrawal would be such a serious loss to his party in the House of Commons that his friends hope to prevail upon him to accept the seat in North-East Cork.

"General" Booth has taken advantage of the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the "Darkest England" scheme to make a fresh appeal for funds. A curious incident before Christmas illustrates the animosity with which, in spite of the committee, the Salvation Army is regarded. One of "General" Booth's lieutenants, Mr. Cadman, solicited subscriptions for a dinner to be given to five thousand poor people on Boxing Day. This was denounced as an impudent attempt to be generous at other people's expense, as if dinners of this kind were not invariably organised in precisely the same way.

Lord Winchelsea has issued an appeal to everybody interested in agriculture to help in the organisation of the new Agricultural Union. The chief object of this machinery, says its projector, is to remove the unfair burdens on land. Lord Winchelsea deliberately ignores Protection, and seeks common ground of action for agriculturists of both parties. But the farmers voted for Protection at the recent conference in an overwhelming majority, and Lord Winchelsea will be unable to keep this bone of contention out of his new union. And the moment it makes its appearance the farmers of the North, who will not countenance Protection at any price, will split up the new combination.

The ethics of public life have been agreeably illustrated by a correspondence between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Hyndman. Mr. Hyndman says he once heard Sir William say something in a drawing-room which Mr. Hyndman repeated on platforms. Sir William says he never said anything of the kind, and suggests that Mr. Hyndman's notions of probity need amendment. If a public man cannot talk in a drawing-room where he is liable to meet opponents without running the risk of having some remark purporting to be his repeated on the house-top, it will become necessary either for public men to avoid drawing-rooms or for certain people to be studiously kept out of them.

The collapse of the Liberator Building Society and cognate corporations has led to a sensational prosecution for fraud. The accused are Mr. Hobbs, a builder, and Mr. Wright, a solicitor, both of high professional position.

The annual distribution of what is termed the Queen's "Minor Bounty" and the "Royal Gate" alms took place as usual. Over one thousand of the deserving poor in various parishes, chosen on the recommendation of the clergy by the Lord High Almoner, received various sums.

It has been computed that more than sixty thousand persons visited the Albert Hall during the two days on which the *Truth* Toy Show was exhibited. And still people talk of the inaccessibility of this mammoth construction.

Mr. Edward T. E. Besley, of the Middle Temple and the South-Eastern Circuit, has just been appointed Recorder of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Recently there have been quite a number of changes in Recorder-ships.

Skaters have been "too previous" in testing the ice, with the result that in two days no less than seventeen deaths from immersion have been recorded. General Rice was drowned on Dec. 26 while skating on Loch Aneilan, near Rothiemurchus, in Perthshire. Some of the fatalities had especial pathos, in one case two cousins losing their lives in a vain attempt to save a lady friend. Every precaution is being taken with regard to the water under the control of the London County Council, but the rashness of skaters is very often beyond the reach of officials. The fact that the ice can "bear" does not necessarily mean that it is thick enough to maintain an excited throng of skaters. Some of the reports from officers show quite a journalistic instinct—as, for instance, the remark concerning the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, that "there was a particularly good muster of ladies, who were able to skate well, because there was no rough or horse play." At far-famed Lingay Fen, Cambs., Mr. F. Litherland, of Liverpool, won the quarter-mile race for amateurs. The fens, generally, are in good condition for skating, and the National Skating Association is organising various competitions at the Welsh Harp, Hendon.

Fearful weather has been experienced lately at sea. The Red Star Line steamer *Noordland* was towed into Queenstown harbour on Dec. 27 with her main shaft fractured. None of the passengers had suffered any injury, but if the steamer had not met with the Ohio, 400 miles west of the Fastnet, its fate might have been far worse. Considerable anxiety is at present existing as to the safety of one of the Cunard line of steamers. The *Islam*, which was a new boat of 5000 tons, went ashore on Dec. 27 near Cape Trafalgar. It was owned by Messrs. Edward Bates and Sons, of Liverpool, and was valued at £70,000. The *Spree*, which encountered such an unfortunate accident en route for New York, has gone to Milford for repairs. Many vessels are overdue, and the rate of insurance for some of them has risen considerably.

The annual conference of head masters of the English public schools was held on Thursday, Dec. 22, at the Charterhouse, the Rev. Dr. Baker, of Merchant Taylors' School, presiding. A committee appointed at the Oxford Conference in 1890 presented its report, which recommended a limitation of the pecuniary value of scholarships, not to exceed two-thirds of the cost of board and teaching; and it was declared undesirable that these should be held by sons of wealthy men. A resolution to this effect was moved by the Rev. E. C. Wickham, of Wellington School, giving rise to a debate, which ended in passing an amendment proposed by the Rev. Dr. Percival, of Rugby, distinguishing the scholarships, to be awarded for intellectual merit, from the emoluments, which should not be enjoyed by the rich. Resolutions were also passed in favour of retiring pensions for assistant-masters, concurrent with voluntary contributions by them to an assurance fund. There was a discussion upon the importance of Church of England theological teaching in public schools, but no vote was taken on this question.

The French Chamber of Deputies has adjourned to Jan. 10, and the political excitement caused by the Panama Canal Company scandals is somewhat abated. No leading Republican statesman of Ministerial rank is proved to have actually received any bribe for himself, though a portion of the company's funds may have been indirectly applied in its payments to certain newspapers several years ago to the support of Government against General Boulanger, with a tacit understanding that the company's schemes would be favourably viewed in return. If this grave error in the conduct of a political contest, otherwise legitimate and creditable, were brought home to eminent members of the Senate and the Chamber, it is not at all a necessary consequence that France should cast away the Republican Constitution, seeing that practices equally reprehensible were notoriously frequent under the Louis Philippe monarchy and the Empire of Napoleon III. The President of the Republic, M. Carnot, whose integrity is beyond suspicion, can dissolve the Chamber, if he pleases, and seek a Ministry, of which M. Ribot might still be the head, with M. Freycinet and others, possessing a secure majority, while the judicial prosecutions already commenced would have their regular course. Apart from violent personal attacks by the journalists of faction, there is little to excite serious alarm in the present disposition of the French people. Neither the Comte de Paris nor Prince Louis Napoleon could rally any considerable number of partisans to overthrow the Republic; there is no military chief whose name would excite any enthusiasm; and the Socialist Democratic movement, hostile to all the bourgeoisie, has entirely different aims from that of enabling one of the existing parties of politicians to wrench office out of the grasp of another.

Personal altercations, followed by mutual insults, whether in the Chamber or in the Press, usually terminate among the Parisian publicists in the solemn farce of duels fatal to neither of the combatants. M. Clémenceau, the most redoubtable champion of the Left or Extreme Radical party, having ended a speech from the tribune by saying: "M. Paul Déroulède, vous avez menti," was obliged to go out to the St. Ouen race-course on Dec. 22, and there, in presence of an immense crowd of spectators to exchange with him three pistol-shots on each side, at the safe distance of twenty-five paces, so that both the hon. gentlemen were unhurt. Another Boulangist deputy, M. Millevoje, challenged M. Clémenceau, but as they could not agree whether to use swords or pistols the affair was dropped, with a little imputation of shirking the fight.

The most important event of the past week affecting France is the rejection, on Dec. 24, by a majority of 384 to 184, in opposition to the Ministry, of the proposed commercial treaty with Switzerland, the Chamber being vehemently in favour of a highly Protectionist tariff.

An interesting ceremony took place at the Sorbonne, in Paris, on Tuesday, Dec. 27. M. Pasteur, Professor at the Ecole Normale, the eminent physiologist and bacteriologist, whose discoveries concerning the microbe germs of diseases and the method of inoculation against canine rabies have conferred so much benefit on mankind, attained his seventieth birthday. The Academy of Sciences in the Institute of France presented him with a large gold medal, specially designed for

this occasion. M. Carnot, President of the Republic, came arm-in-arm with the venerable Professor, received by a brilliant assembly of French social notables; and M. Dupuy, the Minister of Public Instruction, addressed M. Pasteur in an eloquent speech, followed by M. Abbadié, President of the Academy of Sciences, M. Joseph Bertrand, our eminent countryman, Sir Joseph Lister, Bart., F.R.S., who read an address in French, and several other foreign delegates, testifying the European recognition of M. Pasteur's merits. A brief, modest, and affectionate response was uttered by the septuagenarian man of science.

Some excitement has been roused in the United States of America by the rumoured discovery of goldfields in the State of Colorado, at a place called Utah, which must not be confounded with the Mormon Utah beyond the Rocky Mountains. There is also a report of gold being found in large quantities in the island of Terra del Fuego, at the southern extremity of South America, belonging to the Republic of Chile. If these discoveries prove real they might help to ease the solution of the bimetallic currency problem and relieve the course of trade.

Deplorable accounts of the distress of the Russian peasantry in the province of Tula, and of riots and robberies and outrages in several of the western provinces, appear in the St. Petersburg journals; there is also some fear of a renewed outbreak of cholera in Russia. X.

MUSIC.

Five musicians of eminence—namely, Herr Edvard Grieg, Herr Max Bruch, M. Camille Saint-Saëns, Signor Boito, and M. Tchaikowsky—have received from the University of Cambridge offers to bestow upon them the degree of "Doctor of Music," *honoris causa*, and those offers they have each accepted. Accordingly, they will visit this country in June next in order to be invested with the degree at the University. It is usual on these occasions for the honoured musician to furnish a new or unperformed work, to be executed as a substitute for the "exercise" of the ordinary "Mus. Doc.," and it may be assumed that the whole of the new "graduates" will conform to this custom. The concert at which the works in question will be performed will serve to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Cambridge University Musical Society. Signor Boito and M. Tchaikowsky have only visited England once, but M. Saint-Saëns used to come over regularly every season until his illness occurred, and he was for many years a familiar figure in the London concert-room. The gifted Frenchman is at the present time in Algiers, where he purposes spending the winter and part of the spring. Herren Grieg and Max Bruch have also made long stays here at various times.

Mr. Santley, whose talents as a composer have more than once before been brought into notice, conducted a new Mass, written by himself, at the morning service held at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Christmas Day. For the rendering of the choruses the ordinary choir seems to have sufficed, but a small orchestra, headed by Mr. Carrodus, was employed together with the organ, for the execution of the accompaniments, and Mr. Santley wielded the bâton in the midst of his forces in the spacious organ gallery. The Mass is by far the most ambitious attempt that he has yet made in the regions of creative art. It is laid out on an extended scale, and the writing, both for the chorus and the orchestra, exhibits the skill of a musician who has adequately equipped himself with the resources of his art. Without asserting any very strong claim to originality, Mr. Santley has succeeded in avoiding commonplace treatment or an ordinary style, and whilst relying for his chief effects upon pure melodiousness, he vacillates pleasantly between the ecclesiastical and the operatic methods of the modern Italian school. The latter predominates, for instance, in the closing sections of the "Gloria" and the "Credo," while a more severe church style pervades the "Kyrie Eleison," the "Benedictus," and the "Agnus Dei." Some of the concerted pieces for the solo voices are charmingly written, and the obbligati passages for various instruments (notably the flute, cello, and bassoon) are extremely effective. One of the best points in the whole Mass is the change at the "Et resurrexit," when the soprano voices come in with *pizzicato* accompaniment for the violins, working up gradually to a fine climax for the whole chorus and orchestra. This is alone sufficient to proclaim the hand of a true musician. Mr. Santley's Mass will surely be heard in the concert-room ere long.

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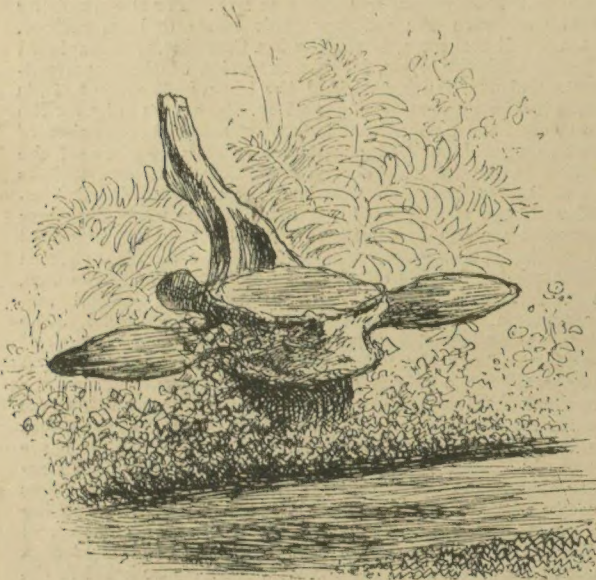
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ORIGINAL DRAWING BY RUDOLPH LEHMANN.

THE LATE SIR RICHARD OWEN'S HOME.

The artist, Mr. Edward Hull, who has drawn for us the illustrations of Sheen Lodge, the residence of Professor Owen for many years until his death, first visited that house, by invita-

GARDEN SEAT IN THE GROUNDS OF SHEEN LODGE:
VERTEBRA OF A WHALE.

tion, in 1866. It is a picturesque and pretty old brick building, thatched with reeds, gabled, many-windowed, and distinguished by a staircase turret; the architects were the brothers Adam, who constructed the Adelphi. This dwelling was presented by the Queen to Professor Owen, instead of a house at Kew, which her Majesty had intended for him, but which was claimed, for some time, to be in the gift of the King of Hanover. Sheen Lodge stands adjacent to Richmond Park, its grounds occupying an acre or more, and it has a beautiful large garden.

Mr. Hull, at the request of Professor Owen, made for him a water-colour drawing of the back of the house with the garden as it then was. The upper walk, a broad path on the west side of the garden, is delightful in summer, with a fine show of rose-bushes on the one hand, various groups of high-growing shrubbery on the other, and flowers of rich colour—the iris, the guelder rose, tall foxgloves, and beds of deep-dyed pansies—beyond which are seen glimpses of the ruddy brick wall and the lofty elms and oaks of the park. One of the guests who most admired it was the late Emperor of Brazil, when he rode to Sheen Lodge very early in the morning, to breakfast with Professor Owen. At the opposite end of the garden are several green alleys, where wild flowers grow at their own sweet will. The sycamore and plane, the stately cedar, and other large trees allow the view between the curtains of foliage held by their overhanging branches to look out upon a primitive little nook of Palswell Common. This bit of ancient English rural ground, with its short, fine grass, its patches of dark furze, the hedgerow, and perhaps a few nibbling or reposing sheep, afforded Sir Richard Owen no little pleasure. Several seats in the grounds have a certain personal interest. Upon one, beneath a weeping ash, screened by its pendent boughs and leafage, the Professor sat with his old friend Gould, the ornithologist, who imitated every note of all the warbling birds, till they came one after another. The "characteristic

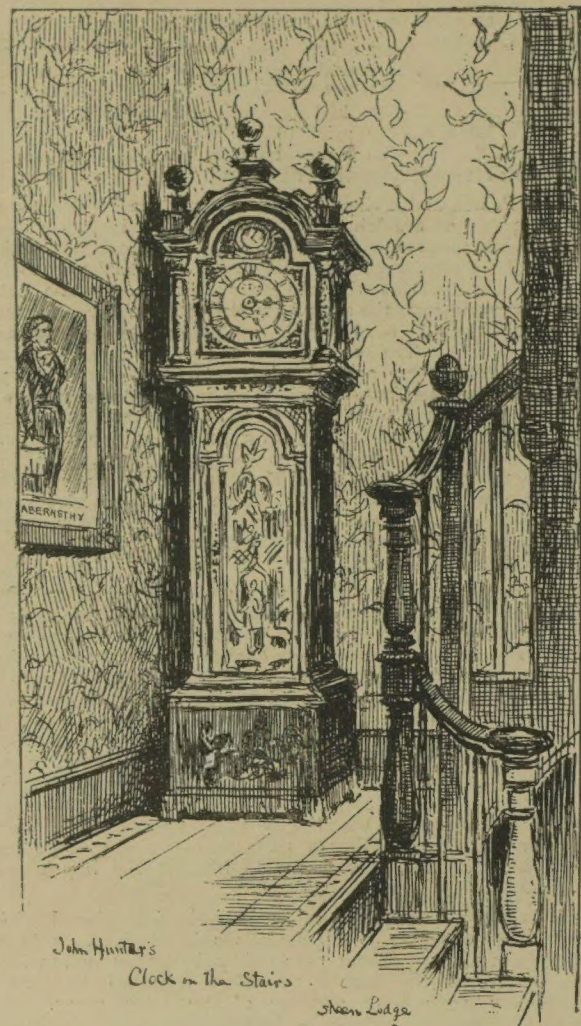
seat" of our great osteologist and comparative anatomist is made of one of the vertebrae of a whale, mounted on a block of wood. It is nearly overgrown with trailing ivy and ferns. Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A., had a similar garden seat at his residence at Tunbridge Wells.

The interior of the house is modest and simple; in the entrance-hall is Thornycroft's bust of Owen, with an engraving, the gift of the late Sir Robert Peel, of Sir Edwin Landseer's picture, "Not Caught Yet," the fox finding a dead rabbit in a trap set for himself. The drawing-room and dining-room have old-fashioned low ceilings; and when the Prince Consort, a rather tall man, found his head too near the ceiling here, this house being a royal gift, he gracefully apologised to his host, the learned Professor. The windows of this room look out on Richmond Park. On the wall hangs a water-colour drawing by Carl Haag, a gift of the artist, representing an Egyptian youth in blue robe and turban. The dining-room, with one window and verandah towards the park, another towards the garden, has panelled wainscoting, above which are ranged some pleasing works of art, including finished water-colour drawings, by Robert Hills, of groups of cattle and deer. Ascending the staircase in the turret, and passing, on the landing-place, John Hunter's antique clock—noticing also the artistic wall-paper, supplied by William Morris, the poet—one arrives at the library, where Sir Richard Owen, a lover of the best literature, as well as of science, nature,

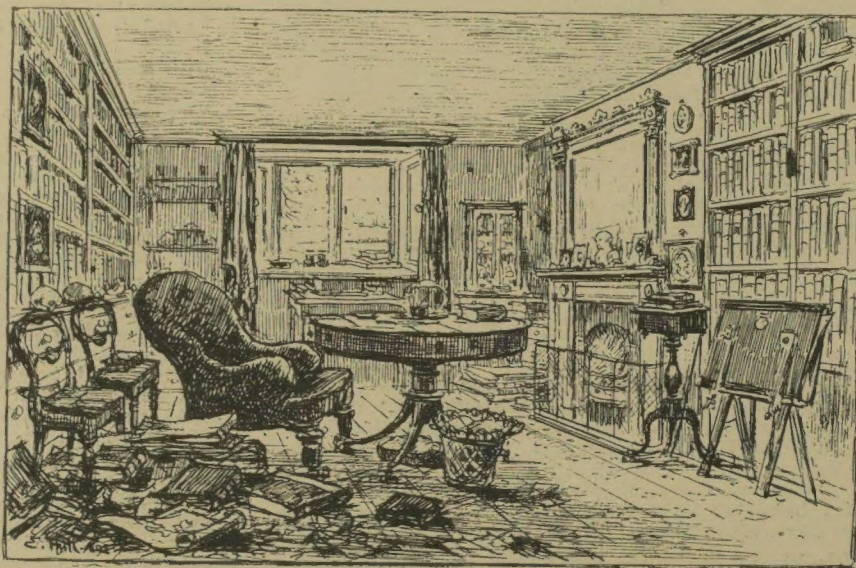
and art, was happy among his books, and frequently made annotations on their pages. A medallion portrait of Cuvier, given by himself in Paris to the English naturalist, is over the fireplace; and there is a copy of the most authentic portrait of Cromwell, the one at Florence, brought from Italy by Owen in 1845. At the window, looking on Richmond Park, with a small field-glass, he liked to watch the movements of the animals, the deer or the birds, from a distance, while they were undisturbed by the approach of man.

FUNERAL OF
SIR RICHARD OWEN.

On Friday, Dec. 24, Sir Richard Owen was buried in Ham Churchyard. The coffin, which bore the inscription "Richard Owen, died 18th December, 1892, aged 88 years," was conveyed in an open car, followed by four carriages; in one was his grandson, the Rev. Richard Owen, curate of East Sheen. The service in the church and at the grave was conducted by the Rev. T. G. P. Hough, Vicar of Ham, and the Rev. A. S. Shutte, Vicar of Mortlake. Among those present were his Royal Highness the Duke of Teck; Dr. Kingston Fox, honorary secretary of the Hunterian Society; the following representatives of the Zoological Society: Sir William Flower, president,

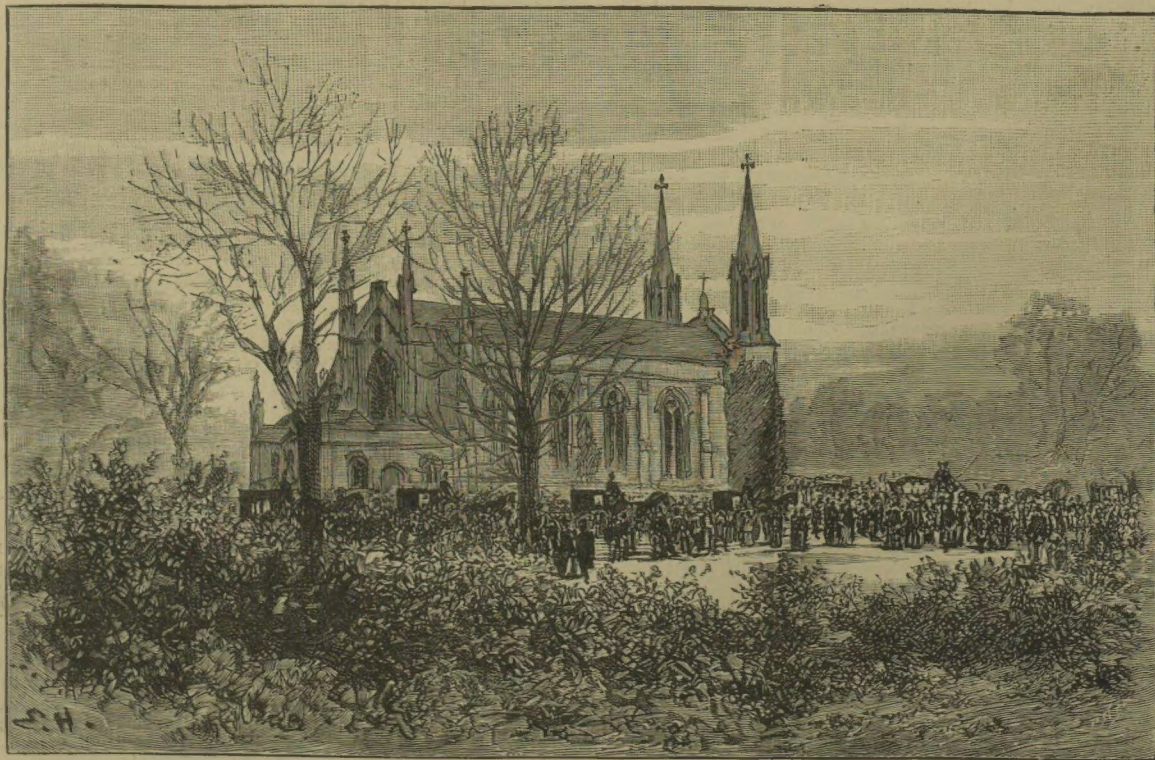


Sir Joseph Fayrer, vice-president, Dr. A. Günther, vice-president, and Dr. P. L. Sclater, secretary; Professor Michael Foster; Mr. Bryant, president, and Professor Charles Stewart, curator, of the Royal College of Surgeons; the president and



THE LIBRARY AT SHEEN LODGE, RICHMOND PARK.

vice-president of the Linnean Society; Sir John Evans, representing the Royal Society; Dr. Woodward, of the British Museum, vice-president of the Palaeontological Society; and Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, president of the Royal Geographical Society.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR RICHARD OWEN, IN HAM CHURCHYARD.

AN UNFINISHED SENTENCE

BY
MRS ALFRED W. HUNT



plaster. Will you tell Edward that I shall not go downstairs again to-day—that I have made up my mind I won't?"

"He seems determined to see you."

"Then tell him he can't! Don't urge me! I am sore and irritable, and should be certain to say something which would make things a thousand times worse. Please go and make him understand that I will not see him to-day."

Old Miss Feversham went; and young Miss Brandon rose up from her sofa and put on her dressing-gown, locked her

"WHAT a pretty ring you are wearing!" said Miss Ursula Brandon to Mr. Arden. "It must be an old one."

"Yes, it is very old."

"Do you mind taking it off for a minute and letting me look at it?"

He put in her hand a large rose ring of emeralds and diamonds.

"It's not quite a gentleman's ring," she said; and the next moment it was on her own finger, and she was turning her hand from side to side to catch the sparkle of the stones. Edward Brandon, to whom, with the full consent of her own heart, she had been engaged for six months, was one of the party of three in the corner behind the grand piano, and, seeing this, he suddenly rose and left the room. It was only too evident that he was angry with her, and she was just as angry at his method of showing it, and still more indignant with Mr. Arden for his not altogether furtive smile of amusement.

"Yes, it is certainly pretty," she said, and then she quietly returned it to him, and soon afterwards made an excuse to leave the room.

"If Edward is waiting for me in the breakfast-room," she thought, "I will go to him and own that it was stupid of me to put that man's ring on my finger; but if he has left the house I don't think I shall ever be able to forgive him."

He was not there—he had left the house, and when she first realised that fact Ursula felt as if the drop-scene had suddenly fallen in the middle of the drama of her life; but ere long her combative instinct was aroused, and she said to herself, "Nothing that he can do or say shall ever induce me to forgive him for this!" She heard her aunt's visitors—there were but three of them, and one had brought this evil on her—depart, but she stayed where she was, until at last, remembering that it must be growing late, she got up to look at the clock, and on the mantelpiece she found a note from Edward. It only contained these words: "Will come back in two hours' time for some serious conversation."

"In two hours' time"—then he would come in twenty minutes. She took her pen quickly, and wrote: "I want no serious conversation; I consider you have behaved shamefully," thrust her note into an envelope, and told the servant to give it to her cousin when he returned. That done, she walked deliberately upstairs to her own room.

In half an hour her aunt came. "Ursula, my love," she said, in sweet and measured accents, "Edward is here. I fear some little unpleasantness has occurred between you. It can be nothing serious, of course; but he seems very much distressed, even as it is. Do go down as quickly as you can, and set his mind at rest."

In Ursula's present frame of mind, the "dulcet and harmonious" words of her aunt almost infuriated her, and she only exclaimed, "I am very glad he is distressed—so he ought to be!"

"Dear child, he wishes to see you. He, too, is not like himself; he has said one or two things which have struck me with astonishment. It is grievous, but you can put him right in a moment, I am sure. Come downstairs and show regret and be conciliatory, and we shall soon have our old Edward back."

"The Edward who went away two hours ago was hateful, and I don't want him back!"

"He will make excuses—I am sure he will—I am certain that his one wish is to patch the thing up."

"I don't want it patched up. I don't see why a man is to be allowed to inflict a deep wound and think it will be all right if he comes and claps on a stupid little inadequate



She got up to look at the clock, and on the mantelpiece she found a note from Edward.

door, stirred her fire, and then returned to her sofa. Again Aunt Emma toiled upstairs. This time the door was locked.

"Let me in!" she said.

"Don't ask it!" cried Ursula from the sofa.

"He says he won't leave the house without speaking to you."

"He must! I can't come!" and after five minutes' parley Aunt Emma had to retreat with this answer. Then came the sound of another footstep on the stairs—a footstep which even in her present bitter and wrong-headed mood had power to make Ursula's heart give a great leap. There was a knock at her door, but she neither spoke nor moved.

"Will you speak to me here," he said, "since you refuse to come down?"

She dragged herself to the door—emotion and excitement were telling on her. If he had spoken more tenderly, she would have been so glad to put an end to this at once.

But he was hurt and offended, and said in a chilling tone, "Do you mind opening your door a little?"

"I can hear with it shut quite well."

"So can other people; but if you don't object I don't."

How she wished she had not put on that ugly, unbecoming dressing-gown! She opened the door about a quarter of a yard. There was not much light, and she could just see that he was very pale.

"I consider that I have a grievance against you, Suly," he said; "but Aunt Emma says that you think that you have one against me. Before I say more, will you mind telling me what it is?"

"Why did you make such a silly scene when there was no need for any scene at all? If you chose to take offence at my trying on that man's ring, you might have waited till we were alone, and not have gone off as you did. You made me look such an idiot—at least, one of us must have looked like one."

"Probably I was the one," he said bitterly; "indeed, I feel sure I was. I apologise for hurting your feelings. I really am sorry for that, but nothing will ever make me like what you did—I"—

"Oh, say nothing about that! It was easy to see you did not like it. Whether you had any right to show your dislike is another matter; and it is of no use to try to persuade me that I did any wrong. I didn't see it then, and I don't see it now—and, what's more, I never shall."

"Let me tell you one thing!"

"Oh, tell me nothing! My head aches, and I am tired to death of all this."

"But I must tell you one!"

"I know what you are going to say quite well, without your taking the trouble to tell me. You are vexed because that great rose ring of Mr. Arden's covered up the engagement-ring you gave me, and because I put it on that finger."

"No, I was not going to tell you that or anything of the kind, but it doesn't matter."

"Yes, it doesn't matter."

"Then, Ursula, this is to end everything between us?" he said, after a dismal pause.

In her heart she was far from meaning anything half so bad as that. At first she had only wanted to close all discussion as to the point about which they were at variance, and then she had let irritation get the better of her.

"End all!" she repeated, with an amount of apprehension of which she was much more conscious than he was. It filled her with shame as soon as she had recovered herself a little, and then vexation at having shown so much feeling made her add, "And why should all not be ended?"

"You wish it?" he asked. He was beginning to speak so coldly.

"It would evidently have to come sooner or later. If that offended you, I should always be offending you."

"Dear Ursula, be reasonable; before things go too far, let me tell you why!"

"Now, don't begin all that again!" she exclaimed. "I have asked you not to do it already."

"You have, only I thought"—Then he drew a long breath, half turned, as if to look at the way which he would have to take a minute later, when he left her for ever, and said, "Well, if you won't hear why I did it, you won't, but it seems to me that this is the end of everything."

"That's what it has seemed to me all along," she answered bitterly.

And at this fatal moment, when their words were driving them apart and their hearts drawing them together, Aunt Emma came. "Well, my dear children" (she was Aunt Emma in a way to both of them) "it is all right again, I feel sure. Loving each other as you do, what else could it be?"

"It could be what it is, as wrong as wrong can be," said Ursula.

"Oh, what nonsense! Don't expect me to believe that for one moment! Come downstairs, Ursula, and see Edward in comfort and peace—it is very uncomfortable for both of you to be standing here in the draught of the stairs. Dress yourself again, dear, and come down and get your talk done."

"It is done, Aunt. We have talked, and now there is nothing more to be said."

"There is nothing more to be said," he echoed. "Good-bye, Ursula," and he held out his hand, which she, blinded by two large eye-filling tears, had to feel about to find. She never knew whether her engagement-ring had come off of its own accord, or whether she had loosened it and let it drop into his hand, but when he withdrew his hand from hers the ring was in his. He got downstairs somehow and out of the house.

Edward and Ursula Brandon were half cousins—they had the same grandfather, but different grandmothers. Each of their grandmothers had one son, and each son had married and died young, leaving one motherless child. So Ursula and Edward would be the only Brandons of Bradthorpe left when their grandmother died. Strictly speaking, she was Ursula's grandmother, and Edward Brandon's step-grandmother, but she had always divided her affection equally between them.

Many had wondered how she would divide her wealth. Not only was Bradthorpe left at her absolute disposal, but riches of all kinds. She, too, had wondered; and when the two young people with a claim on her had linked their fates together, she had been thankful to be spared the embarrassment of having to choose between them.

"What on earth will the poor old lady do now?" thought Aunt Emma, when at last she realised that the engagement was broken off. "Edward, being a man, ought to have the land, and Ursula the money; but land brings in so little now that he will want money too. I can't think what the dear old lady will do."

The dear old lady did nothing but write to each grandchild that she advised them to put their pride and bad temper in their pockets, and that it would be prudent to take her advice, for she did not intend to divide the property.

"If she leaves it all to one of you," said Aunt Emma, "it will be to Edward. Old ladies always like the men of their family to be rich; they think the women can live on a cup of tea."

"I hope she will leave all she has to Edward."

"Don't be a fool, my love. However, you and he are sure to make up."

Time passed, and no such desirable event took place. Ursula said that she had no wish that it should. Edward seemed to be more heard of in his profession. She went to a school of art, worked as if her bread depended on it, and talked of taking a studio and living for art only. Art is not a feeding thing, and the luncheons attainable by its followers are occasionally meagre, and perhaps that was why Ursula grew so pale and thin.

"You are not happy, Ursula," said Aunt Emma.

"Oh, yes, I am. At any rate, if I am not I don't know it," she answered resolutely.

Aunt Emma went to Edward's chambers. He, too, did not look himself. "You are fretting, dear," she said.

"What is there to fret about?" he answered. "I am only too thankful that Ursula found out she did not love me before marriage, instead of after."

"You and she are so foolish! You are both unhappy, and yet neither of you will make an advance."

"You are a novel-reader," he said, smiling. "You believe too much in love. It scarcely exists now. No one has time for it."

To a person of his aunt's nature this speech betokened the wreck of his moral being. She shook her head and moaned, "And this is Ursula's doing!" Then she said, "Come and dine with me this evening?"

"And see Ursula"

Stare upon the strange man's face
As one she ne'er had known?

That's Congreve, my dear Aunt—a poet with whom I am sure you are not familiar."

"Quoting seems a heartless thing to do, Edward," she said in much distress, and soon afterwards left him.

A telegram came one morning for Ursula. Miss Feversham sent it on to the school. By twelve o'clock Ursula came galloping home in a hansom, with a pale, frightened face. She thrust the telegram into Aunt Emma's hands, saying, "Please look out a train for me while I go and pack." Miss Feversham read: "Come to me at once. I am seriously ill, and must see you. On no account bring a maid with you." It was from Ursula's grandmother.

"Bring no maid. How odd!" thought Miss Feversham. "But the poor old lady was, no doubt, dying: who can account for the fancies of a dying woman!" At 1.20 the two women were at the station—in ten minutes more one of them was steaming away to her dying grandmother, and the other, after telegraphing to the little inn at Thorsgill (where Ursula was to leave the train) to send a fly to the station to take her on to Bradthorpe, turned her face homewards with the thought: "The old lady is intending to leave all she has to Ursula. She has always said that one of them should have all, so, if she had meant Edward to be the one, she would have sent for him. What a rich girl Ursula will be—but I am sorry for Edward's disappointment." She, too, had a conviction that men have more right to family money than women.

The farther Ursula went northwards, the worse the weather seemed to be; and when she reached York a gale was blowing and the rain falling heavily. Thorsgill was three-quarters of an hour by rail from York, and, the time of year being November, it was dark when she got there.

"Begging your parding, Miss, are you the young lady that the fly to Bradthorpe is ordered for?" asked the station-master.

"Yes," said Ursula, and she got into it while the porter went for her luggage. "Oh, don't carry off someone else's portmanteau!" she cried, for there was a strange portmanteau on the barrow when he came back with her trunk. "It is not mine."

"No, Miss; but it belongs to a gentleman who is going to Bradthorpe too, only he can't get any conveyance either for love or for money. You wouldn't ha' got this fly nowther, Miss, if you hadn't have telegraphed. The station-master, Miss, made so bold as to say that maybe you wouldn't make no objection to giving the gentleman a lift to Bradthorpe; but he wouldn't hear of your being asked to do it, and said he didn't object to the walk if we could manage to get his portmanteau sent on to him. Everyone to his taste, of course, Miss; but it wouldn't be mine to take a ten-mile walk, over a baddish sort of a road, when one may honestly say that whole water is coming down."

Of course she knew that it was Edward—Edward, who preferred to stumble over a bad road, through wind and rain and black darkness, rather than be shut up in a fly for two hours with her.

"Where is the gentleman?" she asked.

"He wouldn't stay till I spoke to you about taking him along with you, Miss. He has walked on. Shall I tell the

driver to stop when he sees him, and pick him up? He can't have gone far."

"Do nothing of the kind!" she said impatiently. "He said he liked to walk—let him do it."

"He won't be quite so keen about walking, I expect, now that he has got a better notion of what it is like. I will just tell the driver to pull up when he overtakes him, and then he can please himself."

"I don't wish you to give my driver any such order," said Ursula. "Tell him to drive on; if you please, that's all."

"That's all, indeed! What a mighty queer young lady!" thought both the men.

What a vexation! What a delight! He would be there, and have the power of showing how much he detested to be with her. She would see him and be near him, and that would be happiness, even though she knew what was his feeling towards herself. He had been sent for by old Mrs. Brandon, and it was his bounden duty to go; but he was not prepared to meet Ursula, even as an acquaintance, a minute earlier than the time when her presence would be forced on him. The knowledge did not come to her as a shock; she had known it long. He had never attempted to see her during the past six months, when he could have done so any day he chose by simply coming to the house as Aunt Emma's visitor. He disliked and despised her. He would probably not show this with any unkind plainness, for he was a gentleman. But there was no denying that he was a gentleman with a large fund of coldness at his disposal; she well knew the quality of this coldness, and writhed at the thought of encountering it. Perhaps she would not encounter quite so much of it at Bradthorpe as she feared. Perhaps he might even turn back and return to London, now that he knew that going on meant being thrown with her.

Alas! whatever he did she knew that in one way or another he would make her tenfold more wretched than she had been before. "And yet that is almost impossible!" was her next thought. "And even if it were possible, I would accept a little extra misery afterwards, just for the chance of being in the same house with him for, at any rate, a few days"—she supposed that he would not be able to stay longer. Anything was better than the dull round of monotonous despair which she had gone through for so long. She would not see much of him at Bradthorpe, of course. She, no doubt, would be allowed to sit with her dear old grandmother a great deal, but she would know that he was living in the same house with her, and be happy—only she must not show it. She must occupy the position which he had assigned to her, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, that she herself had taken. She must be polite and cold, and see him cold and polite, or perhaps cold and not quite polite.

There might be some doubt about the politeness, but none about the coldness; but whatever he was or did, she would only too gladly snatch at the fearful joy of being with him.

The storm was becoming much more alarming. The lightning brought out black masses by the roadside, which she thought must be trees. People who walked under trees were sometimes killed! It was much more dangerous, too, to walk than to drive.

"I am the cause of his incurring this danger," she told herself, having arrived at that conclusion by a somewhat Irish method of reasoning, for she said, "If I had not been driving to Bradthorpe in this carriage, and he had not hated me so much, he would not have refused to get into the carriage beside me, and go there comfortably."

"Comfortably," she said; but she soon found that the comfort was most questionable. She had been too much excited by the discovery that he was there to think about the weather or of quite shutting the window. She had removed a damp glove, and put a damp hand on a wet cloak, and had found that the rain was coming in and that she was getting very wet. If she, inside the carriage, were wet, he must be drenched. People sometimes died of that. How fearfully heavy the rain was! It was falling steadily on the roof of the fly, and periodically some wilder gust than usual swept it suddenly down from the trees like water from a shower-bath. Her heart smarted with a sharp pain, for Edward had once been ill with some hitherto not sufficiently compassionated lung trouble. She opened the window and did her best to make the driver understand that as soon as he overtook "that gentleman" he was to stop, and make him get into the fly.

The wind seemed to carry away the driver's answer, but she at last heard him say, "Why, we passed him better than twenty minutes ago!"

"Passed him! Then turn back to meet him at once."

"I am not sure I can turn," he said unhelpfully.

"Then stand still where you are and wait for him."

"I wonder how you would like to be told to stand still where you are and wait yourself if the rain were driving in at one of your ears and out at the other, and sinking in at the back of your neck till most everything you had on was a sop!" thought the driver, but he condensed his speech into a growl, heard only by himself, and waited till the wayfarer she loved reappeared.

"Has anything gone wrong, driver?" Brandon asked in much anxiety, only, unfortunately, Ursula could not know that.

"She said I was to wait here for you, and to make you get inside," said the man unceremoniously.

Ursula saw that Edward did not seem inclined to accept the invitation which the driver was apparently giving him, and opened the window to say, "Edward, you cannot possibly walk to Bradthorpe on such a night as this; besides, you will get to your journey's end much more quickly if you drive. Do get in."

"I am much too wet to come inside. I will sit by the driver, if I may?"

"Oh, no. Leave your waterproof outside and come in."

"Thank you. You are very kind," and he obeyed.

"We are both going to the same house," he remarked, as he sat down in the old-fashioned, roomy fly, which could easily have accommodated six. Neither of them could see the other's face. There was a lamp, but it never had time to recover from the effects of one gust of wind before another came and all but extinguished it. "And on a very gloomy errand."

"Yes; on a very gloomy errand," echoed Ursula, and wished to say something more, but her heart was so full at having him at last near her again that she could not control her voice—it had broken a little, and the few words she had just uttered had sounded strange.

"It is a fearful night for you to be out in," he said.

"Yes, it is a fearful night to be out in," she repeated, and did so wish that she could think of words of her own to use

and could speak them like other people. His face was, she thought, turned towards her as if he were expecting her to say something else. How was she to find anything else to say, or any proper voice with which to say it?

Not that she wished to speak, if he would but let her be silent. To be in the same carriage with him was the very fullness of contentment and delight, and that delight would be hers for at least an hour and a half—in such a storm as this possibly even longer. So she sat in silence in her corner for half an hour or more, and he, too, held his peace.

"You had a telegram, too, had you not?" he said at last, this time rather coldly; but if he had spoken in a still colder voice and manner, or had even said something positively cruel in its indifference, she would have known that it did not represent his true frame of mind towards her, for, by some inexplicable magnetic revelation, she was already beginning to be aware that he loved her as much or, perhaps, more than ever. She was so absorbed by this thought that she did not know that she had not answered his question.

"I ought not to tease you by talking," he said after a while, "but I asked if you had been telegraphed for. I only wanted to know if your telegram was, perhaps, sent at a different time from mine, and if, by any chance, it gave a little more information than mine did."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she answered. What would she not have given to be able to speak in a less cold and constrained manner. "Did I not answer that question? Yes, I had a telegram about my poor, dear grandmother," and she took it out of her pocket, and gave it to him, and then she was more uncomfortable than before, for it suddenly occurred to her how absurd it was to give him that telegram when by no possibility could he see to read it, and also because she had shown that his presence had so agitated her that she did not know whether she had answered his question or not.

"I can't see to read the telegram, but no doubt it is like mine. I am afraid she is very seriously ill."

"I am afraid so," Ursula answered curtly, but only because she still dared not trust her voice.

"You don't want to talk. It is difficult. I will only say one thing, and that is that I am very much obliged to you for letting me come with you."

Was she losing her wits? she asked herself. She had not the least idea what to say in reply to this, and, besides that, could not decide whether there was any need to make a reply at all. Her pleasure in his presence was so great that it entirely filled her mind to the exclusion of every necessary consideration of prudence or politeness, or even of ordinary civility. In reality, she felt as if he must know and feel and understand every thought of her mind, every feeling of her heart, with only too fatal facility. She had just betrayed the fact that his presence made her oblivious of everything else.

She was now very anxious to make herself say something carelessly and naturally, in order to regain her dignity a little. After much consideration, however, all that she could find to say was, "Do you think that grandmother will recover?" and then she was startled by the folly and uselessness of asking such a question as this, for he could know no more than she herself did. She could think of nothing else that would do to say, so she sat resolutely enshrouded in silence in one dark, damp corner, and he sat in silence in the other; and thus time passed, and still no word crossed their lips. Nevertheless, though no word had been said by Ursula which had not seemed to be spoken unwillingly, he, too, after a while began to be suffused with a strange sense of well-being, and to recognise that there was no need for them to chase about in the recesses of their brains for words which it would seem appropriate for them to use to each other, for they were at one with each other, and no words were needed. It was enough to sit there in silence and bask in the joy of it.

They were wholly unaware of the lapse of time; and, alas! for age and those of another generation, they were for an hour—a very happy-hour—all but oblivious of poor old

Mrs. Brandon. Grandmothers, however, have had their own absorbing loves and fears, and each generation does but avenge on the preceding one the sins of omission of which it has itself been guilty.

Rain, hail, sleet, storm, and tempest without the carriage; within, darkness, and damp, and dripping raindrops, and gurgling sounds of water that wanted to force an entrance, and two silent lovers, who had in some mysterious manner penetrated each other's secret. They had not so much as touched each other's hands, the few words they had exchanged had been cold and doubtful and awkwardly strung together, and yet they knew what was in each other's heart, and were at rest.

"I will speak to her to-morrow," he thought, "to-morrow all shall be said."

But what was this? The carriage was stopping. It was

No words could have given a clearer answer than Ursula's smile.

For an invalid who had been in peril of her life the old lady looked wonderfully well. They thought that it might be owing to the excitement of their arrival, and did not dare to stay long with her. But next day, as Mrs. Brandon herself said, the improvement in her condition was well maintained. She even sat by the fire in her bed-room, and was perfectly ready to talk and to listen.

"No one would ever imagine that she had been ill," said Ursula to Edward.

"Illness and death are almost synonymous with people of her age," he replied. "She has either not been so ill as she thought, or she has made a most marvellous recovery."

"I see no trace of illness. Suppose she has never been ill at

all, and only sent for us to give us an opportunity of making up our quarrel! She told me not to bring a maid with me—she may have known what would happen if we had a long lonely drive together. We might easily have had the whole journey. I have a great mind to go and tax her with it."

Edward was amused, but not convinced.

"And there is something else that strikes me," said Ursula. "None of the servants look as if they had gone through any crisis of nursing or anxiety, and if she had been so alarmingly ill there would have been a trained nurse in the house. I don't believe she has been really ill—she has had a headache, perhaps, and used it as an expedient to bring us together again. I shall tax her with it."

"And suppose you are right, my love," said the old lady, merrily, "where would be the harm of giving two silly people one more chance of securing their happiness? Your Aunt Emma would never have done anything so sensible."

"And there is another thing," said Mrs. Brandon, after some serious conversation had taken place between them, "let me entreat you always to let Edward finish his sentences. All men like to do that, but when a man marries you he feels that he has a right."

"But I like his sentences—I always do let him finish them."

"All your trouble came from your refusing to let him finish one of them. He tried over and over again to tell you why he was so vexed at your putting on that man's ring, and you always stopped him. He does not want you to be told about it now, for he thinks you will reproach yourself, but I mean you to know all the same. It seems that the man who was wearing the ring is a conceited fool who thinks every girl in love with him, and that this ring that you put on is the engagement-ring of the head of the house in his family—I mean the ring he gives the girl he means to marry, and if the marriage comes

off she wears it until he dies, and then her eldest son has to wear it, and the process is repeated. The Mr. Arden you know, my dear, is at present the bachelor head of his family, and is, it appears, in the habit of telling other men that all the girls of his acquaintance seem to have a fancy for getting possession of his ring and putting it on, and then sitting turning their hands about and looking sentimental at it. Of course you understand that Mr. Arden wishes to convey the impression that they are longing to be asked to be the wearer of it. That is why Edward was so angry, and that is what you never would let him explain to you. There would never have been any unhappiness if you had but allowed him to finish his sentence."

A NEW STORY BY WALTER BESANT.

The Next Number of the "Illustrated London News" will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Story by Mr. WALTER BESANT, entitled "THE REBEL QUEEN," illustrated by ADOLPH BIRKENRUTH.



He spoke in the old, well-remembered voice with the ring of love in it, and his hand sought hers to help her to alight.

simply impossible that they could have reached Bradthorpe already. And yet that was very like the house, and the door was opening, and the old butler, whom they both knew so well, was trying to make a good fight against the wind and keep it open. Beyond they saw vistas of light and warmth and comfort.

"Here we are, Suly!" he exclaimed, half rousing himself from his happy reverie, but not losing the conviction which had made it so happy. He spoke in the old, well-remembered voice with the ring of love in it, and his hand sought hers to help her to alight.

"Suly!" she repeated, and her voice caressed the old pet name which none but himself had ever used. "Oh, Edward, how nice it is to hear you call me that again!"

"Mrs. Brandon charged me to lose no time in informing you that her illness has taken a favourable turn," said the butler the moment the hall-door was shut, and storm and tempest left outside, to be thought of no more.

"Thank God!" said Edward Brandon, and then he turned to his cousin, and in a voice that was heard by her alone said: "And so has ours, hasn't it, dear Suly?"

THE POETIC TEMPERAMENT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

If an ill-disposed fairy were to come to a christening, and wished to counteract the friendly gifts of her kindred, she could give no worse present than the poetic temperament. This doleful benefaction is illustrated again and again in Mr. William Bell Scott's *Reminiscences*. Mr. Scott was one of the most friendly, kind, and interesting of men. On the whole, his lines fell in pleasant places, as mortal lines go, but he had the poetic temperament, without being a favourite of the Muses. He was not much of a poet; he, of course, could not be his own critic. Probably only persons of considerable humour know when their own verses are but middling. Some of Mr. Scott's friends, who were good judges, praised his poems, and Mr. Rossetti seems to have done so with sincerity. But genius is apt to find good in everything, and Mr. Rossetti's genius was occasionally too good-natured. The world did not applaud Mr. Scott's art, and probably this soured him a little, and certainly all that we regret in his memoirs seems to come from the poetic temperament, from the desire of "recognition."

Thus Mr. Scott, impelled by the wicked fairy, and contrary to the rest of his nature, would disenchant us, if

characteristic of this very book is its "severe things." Not even James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, escapes—as a writer, that is—not even Thomas Tod Stoddart, that "good old angler, now with God," if one may quote Walton.

In 1824 Hogg published his "Confessions of a Justified Sinner," and came to see Mr. Scott's father about some point in business. Mr. Scott calls the "Confessions" "a very poor, eyeless sort of performance." To my own taste it seems a marvellous picture of half-insane depravity, and its touches of supernatural horror are only equalled by Mr. Louis Stevenson's. In fact, the book is a stepping-stone between Scott and Galt on one side and Mr. Stevenson on the other. It needs compressing, but to call it "poor and eyeless" indicates a very high standard. Another remarkable book, Stoddart's "Death Wake," produced "on me, at least," an effect "simply of contempt." Now, the "Death Wake" (1831) was a most interesting piece. It was like a volume of the Romanticism of 1830, lost in Edinburgh. There are beautiful passages in it, passages that give almost as much promise as the earliest books of Tennyson and Browning, which came out about the same time. But Stoddart, oddly enough, mixed the humour of "Les Jeunes France" with the fantastic gloom of the "Comédie de la Mort." "Cheerfulness would keep breaking in." Stoddart deserted Romanticism for angling songs and

Mr. Scott should have been a proud and happy boy; but not at all. This "was disappointing to the young poet; it was to him like the gabble of a Philistine. The invention, the imaginative power, these were the qualities he expected to have noticed." This it is to be a young poet, profiting by the extraordinary kindness and courtesy of the greatest and most over-tasked of men. Mr. Scott afterwards repented, indeed, of this mental attitude, and makes allowances for the Philistine. But was there any invention, or any imaginative power, for Scott to notice?

It is ever the same. We find Mr. Rossetti exciting himself because Mr. Browning has not acknowledged the receipt of a presentation copy. Mr. Browning was singularly exact in such courtesies, and told amusing tales about the difficulty of satisfying the eager donors. Mr. Scott himself sent Mr. Carlyle a book, "Poems by a Painter." Thomas glanced at it, thought it was "Poems by a Printer," and wrote his usual little sermon on doing and speaking. What shoals of such letters Mr. Carlyle must have written, pestered as he was by every rhyming nincompoop! He afterwards apologised, and probably laughed a good deal.

Poets should cease to send their works about and to read them aloud. It is not in nature that strangers, or any but the most intimate friends, should venture to give sincere criticism.



DECORATION OF VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

See "Our Illustrations."

he could, with Scott, with Rossetti, with Shelley, with several living artists, and, above all, with himself. He tells us how his worthy father once heard Scott swear terribly on small occasion, and out of the innumerable reminiscences of Sir Walter this is the very first that is not to his credit. Mr. Scott assures us that Shelley never paid his debts before leaving a place where he had resided—a matter novel to many, and, if accurately reported, disenchanting. As to Mr. Rossetti, who habitually addressed the autobiographer as "Dearest Scotus," we find him "working the oracle" and intriguing for favourable reviews; we are instructed in minute details of his hypochondria; his weakness when attacked by a contemptible magazine article is dwelt upon. Above all, we are assured that he was not to be trusted any more than Burns was to be trusted. "Equal candour and confidence he never had to give." Indeed, Mr. Scott was so shocked by the behaviour of Burns that, having written a sonnet on the Ayrshire ploughman, he converted it into one on Keats! However, the sonnet, with others, is here now, and we can appreciate the loyal friendship of Mr. Rossetti which was able to admire them. Mr. Scott's comments on his friends remind one of a curious description of a person whom we shall call George: "George is a capital fellow—a dear fellow, George! But George has no conscience, none! and no sense of honour, but he's a capital fellow." Professor Minto says that Mr. Scott "had the repute of saying severe things, of taking characters to pieces in a grudging manner," but "this I simply cannot understand except as a misunderstanding." Why, the

for angling excursions. Happy he was to be spared the curse and canker of the poetic temperament.

When we wake in Plato's world to come, and, having drunk our draught of Lethe, begin the choice of a new life, let us choose anything but that of the poetical aspirant. Mr. Scott's book is practically a long unconscious warning against writing verse, or, at least, against being careful and troubled about the verse we write, and about its reception. Oh, Heaven preserve us all from this temper! There is the writing of the things—innocent in itself; there is the reading of them when written to unlucky acquaintances; there is the asking for opinions about them; there is sending presentation copies to distinguished victims or to associates in verse-making; there is yearning for favourable reviews that are never favourable enough—it is a dog's life that the anxious poet leads.

Mr. Scott as a lad scribbled some pages of blank verse, as boys will. What must he do but intrude with his "Blair" at second-hand on Sir Walter Scott! Sir Walter's financial doom had fallen: he was living alone in shabby lodgings, he was suffering from a complication of disorders, he was working even his powerful body and brain to death for the sake of his creditors; he was old before his day, bereaved, physically broken, but undefeated. To him, busy with a pile of proof-sheets, enters young Master Scott with reams of blank verse ending in rhymed couplets. "You are one of the clan," Sir Walter said at first, as, indeed, the Rough Clan was usually foremost in his thoughts. Then he discussed blank verse, Milton, Thomson, Blair's peculiar use of blank verse, Blair's family,

If they say anything beyond Lord Beaconsfield's formula, "I shall lose no time in reading your book," they *must* praise, and such praise is mere courtesy currency. The fidgeting about such letters, about praise, about the reviews and the public would poison any life, even the life of a man of genius. Thus one might be almost disenchanted with poetry, if all poets were always in a flutter and a fret. Queen Anne's and King George's wits, Prior, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Hogarth, were wiser; and here is what Mr. Scott had to say about them: "I had brought Thackeray's 'Humourists of the Eighteenth Century,' which I began quite to loathe as the forced laudation of a junto of semi-civilised pedantic witlings. I tried to write little poems," he goes on; and perhaps a gentleman who tries to write little poems and does not quite succeed is no judge of the immortal dead, our masters, our friends whom time cannot estrange. Just as Mr. Rossetti's letters here, wise, witty, kind, and eminently sane, prove that his hypochondria was the accident, not the essence, of his nature, so the autobiographer, doubtless, does himself injustice, and was better than his book. But it is unpleasant to have disparagement thrown on almost all the great who are no more with us, from Swift to Thackeray. The living can take care of themselves, and do so with some energy. Here comes out the sincerity of poetic companionships, for a man whom we have called a poet we cannot judiciously call a poetaster because we justly dislike his prose. The poor poet, how is he to know now whether his admirers really think he deserves the laurel?



FAVOURITES.

LITERATURE.

LORD LYTTON'S "KING POPPY."

King Poppy. By the Earl of Lytton. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—Between the late Lord Lytton and his father there were strong resemblances. They were alike in shape, in countenance, in mind, and character; and the admiring fondness of the son for the sire made the younger man more than content that it should be so. And not only did it make him content, which we must acknowledge to have been both natural and reasonable, but it conduced in a certain measure to imitation, and that was not so well.

One consequence of this aberrant homage was the adoption of various little eccentricities which, though they were congenial enough, would probably have been held in restraint but for a notion that they drew from the paternal source, illustrated a continuity of genius, and kept in view the link between the "Pelham" days and the days of "Lucile." But they were unfortunate, these little eccentricities. To be sure, they gave to him who indulged in them great pleasure—the pleasure that a pretty woman finds in her ribbons, and coquetties, and little licenses: so much was evident. But they stood in the way of a right appreciation of him as a man of thought and judgment; for that he was to a degree which, had they known of it, would have confounded many who were persuaded by himself to call him "fribble." Diplomacy has known many more solemn and Eldonian men-of-affairs who were far inferior to him in observation, insight, counsel; and I can but think that Lord Lytton would have made a much more impressive figure in literature as well as in life had he chosen to discard altogether the Malvolio pedantries, the Regent Street gauds, the rococo high-flyings and affectations generally which his father cultivated with no suspicion of their littleness. They sadly damaged that considerable writer, who was truly said to have gone as near to being a genius without being one as it is possible to go; and it can hardly be doubted that a partly imitative, partly natural indulgence in the same faults led the younger Lytton away from fields of literary endeavour where he could have made a more lasting name. As it was, he must needs write "Glenaveril," an attempt in one of Sir Edward's moods; and the "Ring of Amasis," another mistake in the supernatural order of romance, over-larded with fancies too barbaric and too childish for endurance; and all the while Robert Lytton had in him a fund of literary qualities which, allowed upspringing and opportunity, would have used the time that was given to those concoctions much more profitably.

Of this there were signs enough in his earlier poems—in "Lucile" for example, a story in rhymed verse which gained and retains a good deal of popularity, though its recital is a ride-a-cock-horse to Banbury Cross seven thousand lines long—

Alfred Vargrave was one of those men who achieve
So little because of the much they conceive;
With irresolute finger he knocked at each one
Of the doorways of life, and abided in none.

And so forth: canter, canter, canter—and canter, canter, canter evermore. These same signs were far more clear and abundant in the fables—the most natural and unaffected work in verse, perhaps, that ever came from the second Lord Lytton's hands. As for his prose compositions, the best of them, which are extremely good, take the form of despatches, and are locked up with other secret official writings at the India Office. And again we may see in "King Poppy" how fine a talent Lord Lytton really had, how dolorously he could neglect it while heaping up fantasies with all the magnificence and prodigality of the stage at Christmas time, and how much his verse suffers from an unrestrained use of that great gift, the gift of precise and fluent speech. Few men of his time could have had an easier or fuller command of language than Lord Lytton, pen in hand; which does not necessarily mean, however, that it was always commanded to the best use. For that a great deal else is needed; but that writing, and good writing, was the easiest thing in the world to Lord Lytton was shown in his letters, which, upon any subject of the least interest, covered six, eight, ten closely written pages (on large paper sometimes) without one amended word or one that the most fastidious taste could easily improve upon. But speaking for the Muses and writing a familiar letter are different tasks; and Lord Lytton put no more restraint upon that gift of his when engaged in the one business than when employed upon the other. Less indeed; for in writing for the press there was a literary aim in view; and when that aim was in view restraint was not an art that he had learnt to acknowledge, or an economy that he understood. Just as he allowed his fancy the utmost excess of luxuriation—especially when it entered Wonderland—so he often continued and heaped up expression to its own defeat.

These are the faults of "King Poppy." But for the over-much in both invention and expression it would be a fine book. The purpose of it is an admirable one, and most worthy of poetic handling. As described by Lord Lytton himself, "it is not to prove that all is vanity, but to suggest what a poor tissue of unreality human life would be if the much-despised influence of Imagination were banished from it." Even in these words, however, we find that exaggeration of fancy which may be all very well in a paradoxical Oscar Wilde but which has no rightful place in poetry or even in fairy tale. That human life would be a poor tissue of "unreality" but for imagination is not without meaning, but it has not the meaning which Lord Lytton intended or that his poem conveys. It is quite a different thing to say that the realities of life would be barren of all nobility and all delight but for imagination; which goes nearer to the mark of "King Poppy." To work out his purpose, Lord Lytton seems to have laboured pretty constantly for a dozen years or more upon a tale of fantasy which in its first shape was completely written in four months. Hence, no doubt, the over-much, with its far too elaborate and confusing impersonations of Imagination, Dreams, Tradition, Poesy, all working into a vague sort of Golden Legend shaped from "the most venerable and familiar features of the fairy tales and ballads which float about the world," such as "The Sleeping Princess," "The Enchanted Palace," "The Flying Horse," and "The Good Fairy." The author himself perceived that his fantasies were too romantically obscure; for here and there, at frequent intervals, there are marginal notes to the poem explanatory of

what its personages represent, what their genesis, and how they and the scenes they move in are to be understood. But for all this there is a good deal of beauty in the book, and much more of what may be called true poetry than in any other of its author's productions. Could he have lived a little while longer, and have spent but one year's leisure in stripping these pages of the gauds and grandeurs with which he loaded them during a whole decade of unfortunate laborious endeavour, "King Poppy" would have been as superior to itself as it now is to "Lucile." Even in the finer passages of the poem there is many a line so palpably stuck in and so injuriously superfluous that it is exasperating to find it there. "The knife! the knife!" is a constant cry, untempered by perception that the tenderest pains were bestowed on working-in the offensive superfluity. Yet that—in the later books of the poem especially—there are passages of great and quite unblemished beauty is no more to be denied than the faults of the composition as a whole; and nearly every page contains some good and well-wrought line. Take this passage, from an address to King Poppy, who stands for our Dreams—

Great rectifier of the wrongs of the world,
Lord of the rock, the spindle and the shears,
Subservient to whose mute command the Three
Grey Sisters spin life's faded threads afresh,
Or from its tangled skein the knots untie!
Prophet of triumph, who for those that fall
Dost find unfailing solace in defeat!
Brightener and beautifier of dark hours,
Who to the fallen and forsaken art
Faithful, and to the unloved loving still!
Even when the spectre of To-morrow peers
In at the casement, o'er the sleeper stoops,
And mutters, "Rouse thee, wretch! arise! go forth!
Begin again to suffer and to toil!"
Departing with a whispered benison, thou
Dost leave behind thee one last golden gift.
"Take this, poor soul, and keep it! 'Thine it is,"
Thou whisperest. "Show it not, nor speak of it,
'Tis for thee only."

There is no mistaking the quality of verse like that, and no



BY THE EARL OF LYTTON

TITLEPAGE TO LORD LYTTON'S LAST POEM.

Drawn by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

doubting that the inspiration is true. Here again is the gift which, if not genius, is so lofty a talent as to neighbour genius closely; and the pity of it is that it was not oftener employed as it might have been but for a most erroneous though unblamable emulation. Satire—social and political satire—was one of the first Lord Lytton's delights, though he was not always perfectly successful in the practice of what he was serenely proud of. Here, too, his son follows him—here in "King Poppy"—with many a shrewd stroke of observation and humour: the observation unfailingly keen and true, the humour genuine if sometimes overstrained.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF LORD TENNYSON.

The seasonable *Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Study of his Life and Work*, by Arthur Waugh (Heinemann), is so very seasonable that those to whom it is only known by the title might take it for a catchpenny. This would be a grave injustice. The book has occupied the author for the last two years, and was completed, all but the last page of biography, before the poet's death. It also evinces a minute and laborious research entirely alien to the definition of a merely occasional publication. It bears no official character, and confessedly awaits supersession by a work drawn from richer material; but the new biography, when it comes, will not be superior to the present in patient diligence and the turning to account of every scrap of information available. It might have been feared that this would have involved many trivialities, but either Mr. Waugh has been exceptionally discreet, or Tennyson's life has been exceptionally shielded from paltry gossip. We see nothing to regret in this point of view except the insertion of two or three instances of the poet's occasional brusqueness, which were not worth exhuming. The literary criticism, without pretension to especial insight, is in general very sound, though much less searching than that of Mr. Van Dyke's "Poetry of Tennyson."

We must express our entire dissent from Mr. Waugh's account of the celebrated review of Tennyson's early poems in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The article, though boisterous in fault-finding as Christopher North's manner was, was equally enthusiastic in praise, and its discrimination in both was virtually acknowledged by the poet himself when, retaining all that *Blackwood* had commended, he omitted everything it had condemned from his next edition. The essay certainly dealt chiefly with externals, and did not exhibit the penetration of the critic in the *Westminster* (Waugh, pp. 36-37), who was, we believe, John Stuart Mill. "When joyful scorn," on p. 35, is a misprint for *whose*; and the statement on p. 69 that Shelley's "Adonais" was originally printed "under the care of Lord Byron" is a most extraordinary error. With reference to Shelley's early influence on Tennyson, justly pointed out by Mr. Waugh and Mr. Gosse, we may remark that Shelley is as evidently Tennyson's "poet" who "in a golden clime was born" as he is the "sun-treader" of Browning's contemporary "Pauline."

RICHARD GARNETT.

RICHARD JEFFERIES' LAST BOOK.

The Toilers of the Field. By Richard Jefferies. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—All lovers of the writings of the late Richard Jefferies have looked forward with eagerness to the appearance of this book. It was not expected that the volume would contain much, or indeed any, of Jefferies' finest work, but it was hoped that the papers included in it would help readers to trace the genesis of that method of dealing with Nature and the lives of the lowly country folk which brought to Jefferies his long delayed celebrity, and secured for him a permanent place in the literature of this century. A perusal of the book in no wise disappoints this expectation. In none of the essays or sketches which make up "The Toilers of the Field" do we find Jefferies at his best, but we do have, nevertheless, priceless stores of material which no true admirer of Jefferies is likely to undervalue. The volume is an excellent counterpart of Mr. Walter Besant's admirable "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies." No one could have shown, for no one was capable of showing, better than Mr. Besant the total failure of Jefferies' earliest efforts in the department of fiction. A rustic youth, with small experience of life on any scale larger than that of a village, though possessed of the finest genius, could never have become a fashionable society novelist. Jefferies did not learn his lesson till all that nonsense was knocked out of him by sad experience, but he did learn his lesson—in at least a measure—and in this volume we have its immediate first-fruits. The book is divided into two portions, of which the first and major portion is by far the more interesting, even although the literary workmanship is decidedly less finished than that of the other. Its interest must, indeed, be perennial, for in such articles as "The Farmer at Home," "The Labourer's Daily Life," "Field-Faring Women," and others we are in contact with the kernel of the whole of that afterwork which is among the most precious that our generation has seen. It is true that the supreme perfection of artistic touch, the felicity of phrase and diction, the finely turned sentences that characterised Jefferies' matured work are not to be met with here. There are no such flashes of inspiration as "Calm as my turtle-dove before the lurid lightning of the unknown," or "The thought of the eye knows no butt, shooting on with stellar penetration into the unknown." The style exhibits the quality of simple homeliness, with here and there evidences of immaturity, but the whole subject of country life, of the farmer and the labourer, their loves, their toils, their joys, and their sorrows, is treated with a graphic reality and fullness of knowledge that are unsurpassed in "Hodge and his Masters" or any of the later writings that came from Jefferies' pen. It was in the three letters which Jefferies addressed to the *Times* in 1872, all of which are included in this volume, that his foot was first planted on solid ground. There is nothing particular about their style. A repudiation of the longest letter and a first reading of the two others leave one with a sense of the truthfulness of Mr. Besant's remark that they might have been written by a plain, intelligent, well-informed farmer, and were probably so regarded at the time by most readers, more especially as they were dated from "Coate Farm." But, like Rob Roy, Jefferies might now have exclaimed with confidence and pride, "My foot is on my native heath!" Yet two years seem to have passed away before he followed up his inimitable studies of the Wiltshire farmers and labourers by writing the series of papers with which we are made familiar in this book, and which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1874. They are packed full of information, and sometimes a simple sentence or couple of sentences are made to contain a whole history. Take the following for example: "The attachment of the field-faring woman for her husband lasts longer than that of the man for the woman. . . . As a rule, the woman, once married, does her best to keep her home together." The "True Tale of the Wiltshire Labourer" was apparently written about the same period for a country newspaper, by which, however, it was never published, possibly for the reason that it is too bald in its realism and, to country folks, might have appeared strained or melodramatic. The second part of the book, consisting of papers published since Jefferies' death, does not call for lengthened notice. Without exception they appear to have been brief preliminary studies rather than finished pictures, but some of them—notably "The Coming of Summer" and "The Lions in Trafalgar Square"—bear touches of the finest genius, that genius which gave Richard Jefferies his unique insight into nature, his fine sense of the wonder and beauty of the universe, and of the awe and mystery that are within and behind all that is seen in nature. It is of some importance to notice that Jefferies' first love, as shown in the earlier chapters of this book, was for the "toilers" rather than for the "fields"; for men and women rather than for the face of nature. Nevertheless, in dealing with both he still remains supreme master—a writer with many imitators but no rival.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

AMONG THE MAGYARS.

Sketches of Life and Character in Hungary. By Margaret Fletcher. With illustrations by Rose Le Quesne. (Swan Sonnenschein.)—Once upon a time there were two young Englishwomen who left their homes and went wandering in Hungary. At first they were timid among a strange people, and one of them carried a hunting-knife, which made the

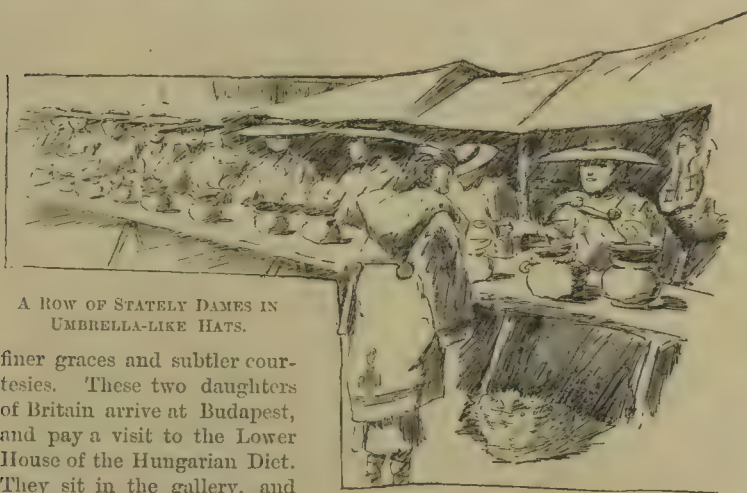


AT TATRA-FÜRED.

Hungarians smile; but they had not been long in the country when they attracted the attention of the princes and rulers, who bowed down before them and made them the guests of the nation: and everywhere they went the people rejoiced greatly at their coming, and sang and danced, and the two young women slept in queens' beds, and were covered with honours and affectionate tokens. And when they came home they wrote a book—I was about to add that they lived happily ever afterwards, but somehow there seems to be a gap in the fairy tale just at this point, and I am compelled to descend to the reviewer's unromantic prose. Yet the story which Miss Fletcher tells with so much happy humour, and which Miss Le Quesne has embellished with a clever pencil, may well take away the breath of the average sober suburban critic. I say nothing of Mrs. Lynn Linton, who may pour out a vial of twenty wrathful pages on the exploits of two women in a foreign land, with a male escort whenever they could get it. Such audacity is horrible, no doubt, to a mind which is perpetually invoking a grandmotherly retribution on the heads of girls who gratify an impulse to see the world. But the adventures of Miss Fletcher and Miss Le Quesne are surprising to the prosaic scribe, because they seem to belong to a bygone age of chivalry, when gentlemen had nothing to do but befriend distressed damsels, and when life was enjoyed for the sake of its



A MAGYAR YOUTH.



A ROW OF STATELY DAMES IN UMBRELLA-LIKE HATS.

finer graces and subtler courtesies. These two daughters of Britain arrive at Budapest, and pay a visit to the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet. They sit in the gallery, and amuse themselves by sketching the legislators. Already the glow of romance has descended upon them, for they cannot see "an insignificant or frivolous man" in the assembly. Suddenly an attendant informs them that their photographs have been taken by a count with a detective camera.

They observe a commotion below. The President sends up his card and requests the privilege of inspecting their sketch-books. The public business of Hungary is promptly bundled into oblivion, and the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet abandons itself to the enjoyment of British art. The sketches are handed on to the reporters, and the newspapers next day are full of welcome to the fair strangers; the population of Budapest spend much of their time in helping Miss Fletcher and her companion to study the objects of interest, and no less a person than



A COUNTRY DANCE.

Count Esterhazy takes a map of Hungary and spreads it at their feet. I do not wonder that Miss Fletcher dedicates her book to this nobleman, and that she describes him as a model of "the old school of elegance and chivalry." From that moment Hungary took up the patriotic task of making the sojourn of these travellers a prolonged picnic. People who could speak a little English pressed this treasure upon them, and people who could not gaze at them with speechless sympathy. One old gentleman greeted them with an extract from "The Vicar of Wakefield," and another recited several pages from "The Cricket on the Hearth" and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," without understanding a single word. When they wanted to sketch, peasants were caught, and posed as models, and in one instance they were carried into a barracks, and watched with rapt admiration by the soldiers, one of whom submitted to be drawn as a prisoner with his arms bound. Official regulations were the sport of these young women, who went about with a bodyguard determined to subject all forms and ceremonies and personal liberties to the will and pleasure of two "English misses." Their movements were chronicled with such accuracy that a telegram, primitively addressed "The English Artists, Transylvania," was delivered in the ordinary course of official routine. I have read elsewhere of Hungarian hospitality, for even so methodical a writer as Mr. Poultny Bigelow bursts into raptures about heaven, which he supposes to be peopled chiefly by the Magyars. But to find Parliament and Ministers of State, and the population generally, forming a procession to do honour to England in the persons of a couple of girls out for a holiday is a surprising experience in an era not distinguished by superabundant politeness. Miss Fletcher confesses that the responsibility which rested on her patriotism was very grave. "We knew that our appearance, words, and gestures, which were all being noted as typical of feminine England, would be much commented on and pass into tradition." The taste and spirit of this little book make a graceful response to the hospitable kindness which was lavished on its authors, and I am quite prepared to learn that it has been translated into Magyar, made a text-book of English in the schools of Budapest, and read aloud in the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet when the cares of public business grow too irksome.

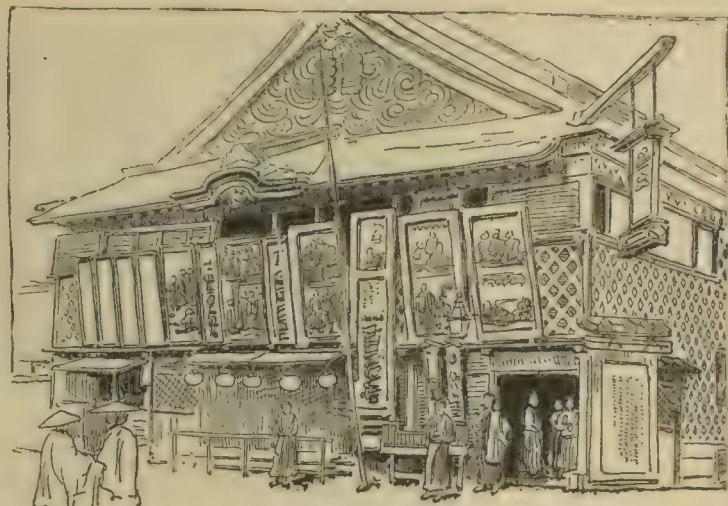
L. F. A.

THE JAPS AT HOME.

The Japs at Home. By Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson and Co.)—From the days of Marco Polo and his mythical empire of Cipango down to the present time, the inhabitants of the western world have taken eager interest in the strange islands which, on the further borders of the Eurasian continent, balance, as it were, our British Islands; the country which, in defiance of its natives' preference, we call Japan, and in which, though it is removed from us by just one quarter of the globe's circumference, are found no less than fifty species of birds identical with those of England, though man and his ways are so conspicuously different. Books without number have been written on this entrancing subject, but yet another is ever welcome, the more so when it is so bright and vigorous as the latest, "The Japs at Home." As his title indicates, Mr. Sladen, who supplies us with these two-and-thirty letters of introduction, tastefully bound in a coloured reproduction of a native printed head-cloth, attacks his task in lightsome vein, pretending, as he says, no more than to give his "impressions of Japan and the Japs"; but his impressions are more convincing and far more readable than many works of much loftier pretensions. The author has clearly travelled far and wide, and

talks of San Francisco and Sydney Harbour, Vancouver and the Bosphorus as familiarly as of the Strand or Regent Street; but he has preserved the fresh susceptibility to new experiences which is essential to the satisfactory conveyance of them to others. He is, moreover, well known as a poet of distinction, but he has not allowed his temperament to override his judgment, and few writers on the magic Land of the Lotus have so successfully avoided the "gush" which flows from the ill-habit of seeing what the traveller is predetermined to see, instead of what is actually before his eyes. If the book has a fault, in fact, it lies in the author's tendency to paint too often the quaint and ridiculous rather than the picturesque, to let his sense of humour run away with him; but this, if a fault, is one on the right side, and will make his book a thing of joy for many to whom a more sedate description might prove tedious. The Japs appealed to Mr. Sladen for the most part as funny little things, and he regarded them with amiable toleration, as not to be taken altogether seriously; but the fun he makes of them is purely good-natured, and such passages as the delineation of the Tokyo fire-brigade, or of the droll circumstances attending his novel and admirable experiment of having a volume of his poems issued in Japanese style by a Japanese publisher, while making "the red-haired barbarian" laugh, cannot make the most judicious native grieve. If the burly, genial giant of a wrestler whom

Mr. Sladen entertained at luncheon could read his foreign host's relation of his marvellous performance in the art of introducing good things into his system, to adopt his own



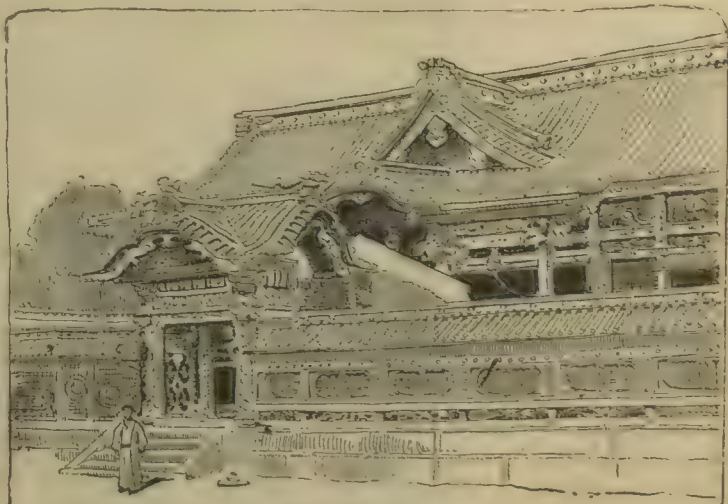
A JAPANESE THEATRE.

phrase, he would find no offence in it, and even the jesting at the "funny little exhibition" is kindly and tempered with much praise.

But Mr. Sladen's book is something more than a succession of jokes, and much highly interesting description of men and manners happily ballasts the lighter matter. While asserting, with a moderation which might well be more common among globe-trotters, that one cannot acquire an intimate knowledge of a strange land during a sojourn of a few months, he has obtained and imparted much useful information, while in cases where necessary facts were inevitably beyond his own ken he has gone to higher authorities and with a candour which also might be more universal has frankly given credit for it. He has not, moreover, trusted alone to the pen he wields with such facility, but has added many illustrations, mostly of his own gathering. He is an irrepressible "kodaker," for which ugly word, together with the positively barbarous "unkodakable," he must be held responsible. Heran a serious risk of being cut down by the guards when he succeeded in catching the Mikado in his state carriage; he persuaded a priest to let his alien feet profane the tomb of the wife of a dead and gone Shogun while he snapped off a picture of her husband's monument; and he twice blew himself up in his manipulation of flash-lights. From all these perils past his reader reaps the benefit. The street-tumblers herewith reproduced is but one of many reproductions of the every-day life, and the exterior of a Japanese temple, or the more artistic quaintness of a Buddhist temple, but samples of the numerous views which help the author in his successful effort to carry us for a space from the fog and mire of London town to flowers and sunshine among the "Jappy Japs." To all who would take that easy armchair journey, we cannot too highly recommend Mr. Sladen as a guide, and whether they go with him to the day-



JAPANESE STREET-TUMBLERS.



A JAPANESE TEMPLE (BUDDHIST).

long matinée at a Japanese theatre, rest in the blossom-girdled tea-houses with sweet little musumés in attendance, wonder at the splendour of the golden shrines of Nikko, or taste the thrilling experience of shooting the rapids of Katsuragawa in company with a royal duke and duchess, they will find him at all times chattily entertaining and instructive.

MALCOLM BELL.



GOING TO THE BALL.

BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

THE FORTHCOMING CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

A CHAT WITH SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way," as Bishop Berkeley sang a century ago. Never was it truer than to-day,



SIR H. TRUEMAN WOOD.

Photo by Watery.

when all our thoughts are turning Chicago-wards. So a representative of the *Illustrated London News* sought an opportunity of gaining from Sir Henry Trueman Wood a few particulars as to the progress of the British Section in the "World's Fair," which opens next May.

Sir Henry Trueman Wood, in his business-like office in the Adelphi, has for some time past been "doubling the part," as actors say, of secretary of the Society of Arts and secretary of the Commission which is dealing with the various questions in connection with Great Britain and the Chicago Exhibition. His experience of exhibitions has resembled Sam Weller's acquaintance with London in being "extensive and peculiar." He first found scope for his energy and great powers of organisation in connection with the Health and the Inventions Exhibitions, held respectively in 1884 and 1885. The difficulties attending the Paris Exhibition of 1889, which had been refused official recognition from the British Government, only served to call forth the skill of the secretary of the Society of Arts in surmounting them. His services on this occasion were gracefully acknowledged by his creation as an officer of the French Legion of Honour and by knighthood conferred by his Sovereign.

"Well, first of all, how much ground will the British Section cover?" was the opening for conversation.

"About 500,000 square feet, I expect. Of this space, two-fifths will be occupied by our Colonies. This is a decided advance on previous exhibitions, for our maximum has been hitherto 360,000 square feet—at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. By-the-way, I may tell you that to view every exhibit in the World's Fair one will require to walk fifty miles."

"Then as to the total of British exhibitors?"

"Well, I fancy we shall be represented by six hundred in the industrial sections. In the Fine Art Section there will probably be between eight hundred and nine hundred works, by some three hundred artists. About one thousand applications were received, and every care has been taken to select those exhibits which shall give an adequate and interesting picture of Great Britain's commerce and art. Allotments were made to us in the following departments: Agriculture, Electricity, Fine Arts, Fisheries, Forestry, Live-stock, Machinery, Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Mines and Mining, Transportation, and in the Women's Building."

"Will there be much moving machinery?"

"Three steam-engines will be at work, but I think one of the finest exhibits in this department will be Platt's cotton-cleaning machinery. Printing and type-setting will be illustrated, and there will also be shown looms, spinning-frames, steam-hammers, and the usual miscellaneous machinery."

"Where will the chief British exhibits be on view?"

"In the Manufactures Building, where will be found some

fine specimens of such heterogeneous goods as Worcester porcelain, Doulton ware, jewellery, furniture, silks, wall-papers, billiard-tables, linen and old-gold work from Ireland, chemical products, &c.; and in the gallery of this section there will be a great attraction in the shape of photographs—oh! yes, the ubiquitous amateur photographer will be represented—newspapers, scientific instruments, and various educational appliances used by the School Board for London and the Science and Art Department."

"How have your appeals for pictures been answered?"

"I attach a good deal of importance to the Fine Art Department. The Americans nowadays are greatly given to French art, and they really appreciate but very little the British school of art, so that this ought to prove an excellent opportunity for finding a market. The New York dealers, who have the whole control of the market, do not encourage the sale of English pictures, and it is quite a limited number of important canvases by our leading artists which finds its way across the herring-pond. Nearly all the Royal Academicians will be represented. Now, as to your query about the replies we have received on this subject, I have found in the North of England that the McKimley Tariff has left such a sore feeling with many private collectors that they have been very

loth to assist the World's Fair in any way."

"As to public galleries: do you get any pictures loaned?"

"No, scarcely any. Now, in France or Germany, with just the assent of the Government, which is never difficult to obtain on this point, an exhibition may borrow largely from public collections. But the National Gallery and the South Kensington pictures are precluded from being lent. The Queen has graciously set the example to private collectors by lending us certain pictures."

"Will you tell me what are going to be the British contents of the Transportation Gallery?"

"In the first place, there will be engines and carriages

certain to be popular, judging from the success which the Naval Exhibition attained."

"As to the part which our Colonies are going to play, will you give me some details?"

"Canada will hold premier position, showing extensively in the Agricultural, Mining, and Manufactures Buildings. Next to the Dominion comes New South Wales, sending merchandise and timber. They are going to have an enormous trophy representing the silver taken out of the Broken Hill Mine. Ceylon will have a great deal of tea, naturally, both for show and for sale. Both Ceylon and India intend to have native attendants on the spot to give a local colouring to their tea-stalls. You may recollect that India was very late in deciding as to whether it would be represented at the Exhibition, and as a result of the Government's delay and refusal to take an active part in the matter India was not able to obtain as much space as might have otherwise been the case. However, I think we shall have no reason to be ashamed of her exhibits. Of course, specimens of Indian art, which meet you everywhere, will not be lacking. Finally, the Cape is determined to manifest its importance by showing the various processes connected with diamonds, such as the washing and searching in the blue clay for these precious stones. Curiously enough, at these exhibitions there is always a profusion of diamonds in every sample of clay!"

"Is Great Britain contributing much to the Electrical Section?"

"Not so much as I could have wished. English electricians have had rather a surfeit of exhibitions lately. The chief exhibit will be a splendid collection of apparatus in use for the purposes of telegraphy by our Post Office. I may add that there are some good specimens of platinum, &c., in the Mining Section. There are, unfortunately, not many exhibits in the Horticultural Department; but we are fairly to the front in the Agricultural Building. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., is showing a model of his stud-farm, which is certain to interest the sportsmen. Then there is a model dairy and a good selection of baking machinery."

"Do you think the early visitors to the World's Fair can be promised a complete exhibition?"

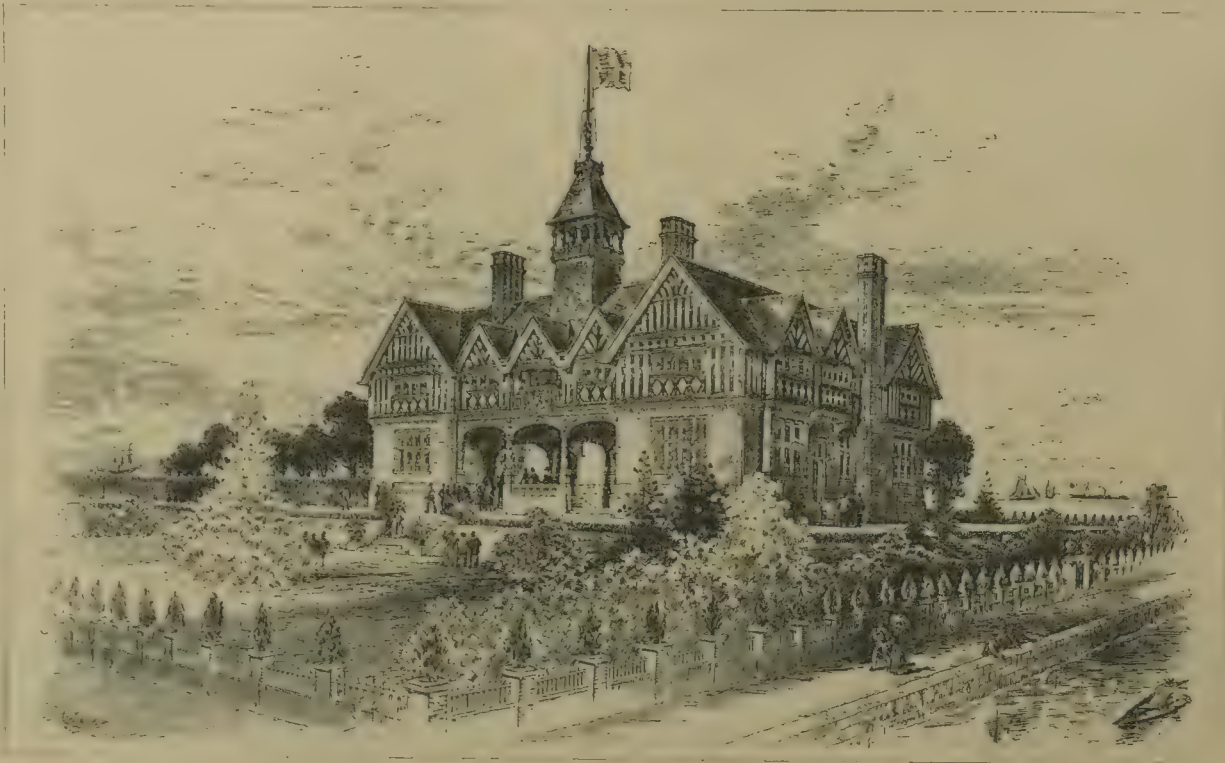
"Yes, I think matters are progressing so favourably that things will be in working order by the date of opening. I will undertake to say that the British Section will be complete and ready on the First of May. We are going to have a 'British House,' called after her Majesty the Queen."

"As to our exhibits—are they already being erected?"

"Many of them are in the United States or en route, but, so far, I believe they are not placed in the grand buildings which will be their home. I was over in Chicago in July, that being the second time I have visited the city on exhibition business, and expect to go again next February to organise the British exhibits. I shall probably remain until August. There will be a regular staff to undertake official work on the spot, and I trust we may realise a great success."

A singular story, most atrocious if the fact be proved, of a plot at the Homestead Ironworks (Mr. Andrew Carnegie's) in Pennsylvania, to poison a number of non-unionist working men, obnoxious to the leaders of the recent strike, has figured among the American news. Warrants have been issued at Pittsburg for the arrest of Hugh Dempsey, one of the unionist leaders, and of two cooks, one of whom has confessed the plot.

With reference to the financial position of "General" Booth's Salvation Army undertakings, called "Darkest England and the Way Out," the report of the committee of inquiry shows that the donations and subscriptions towards the scheme propounded by Mr. Booth in 1890 have amounted to £129,000; which money is fairly accounted for by the purchases of land and buildings for the "City Colony" and the "Farm Colony," the cost of establishing and maintaining the proposed shelters, rescues, and industries, and other justifiable expenditure. But the "Social Wing" of the Salvation Army, in carrying on such undertakings, has spent nearly £70,000 more, chiefly



THE VICTORIA BUILDING: OFFICES OF THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

from various railway companies. Then there will be cycles, a model of the Forth Bridge, pictures and carriages (and for good vehicles Americans usually come to England), and ship models from most of the great firms. This latter exhibit is

borrowed from the "Spiritual Wing," without security, and from the bank on security of deposits set apart for the "Over-Sea Colony"; hence the appeal for additional public contributions now.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES: OLD AND NEW.

"What? Was Sir Roger de Coverley a man? I thought it was only a dance!" was the exclamation of a "high school" young lady who had achieved no small distinction in her



"Has directed a Discourse to me which,
I do not understand."

(From "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley.")

classes. It must be added that the words were uttered before Mr. Hugh Thomson's first edition of *Days with Sir Roger de Coverley* (Macmillan) had revived the interest of the younger generation in a character who will live as long as the language in which his story is written. Sir Roger de Coverley is not all the eighteenth century, nor is he all Addison, but he reflects a good deal of both one and the other. All country squires were not as the old knight—affable to his tenants, respectful to women, and courteous to all. He was the embodiment of all that was best in English country life when the principal landowner of the parish felt that he was the friend and defender of those who acknowledged his tutelage; while "the general good sense and worthiness of his character made his friends observe his little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities." Again, we cannot help fancying that, unintentionally, Addison reflected himself in his favourite knight, who had a secret liking for doing things which would "give him a figure in his friends' eyes and keep up his credit in the country." Like his biographer, the knight was "serene and courteous, cheerful and calm," and probably was also the best company in the world. In an age when coarseness was tolerated, he could, as Thackeray says, "scarcely ever have had a degrading thought"; and the pleasant episode with the widow, which Mr. Thomson illustrates with more than his usual finesse, may in truth be a key to that strange want of



(From "The Ballad of Beau Brocade.")

insight into women's love and women's character which is noteworthy throughout all Addison's writings.

Will Wimble was another but less attractive product of English country life in the olden time, "bred to no business and born to no estate," finding no outlets for his activity except those of an amateur gamekeeper to his elder brother and of "useful man" to his neighbours. Mr. Thomson's idea of him is rather too florid for our fancy; we picture him more lithe and agile, but without any sufficient reason for our faith. Like Sir Roger himself, who has been identified with a certain Sir John Packington, of Worcester, Will Wimble found his original in Mr. Thomas Morecroft, a baronet's younger son, whose death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on July 2, 1741, "at Dublin, the Person mentioned by the *Spectator* in the character of Will Wimble," just thirty years after Addison's article had appeared. For the information of ladies, who may wish to know the connection between

Addison's worthy knight and the dance which bears his name, it may be added that in the first outline of Sir Roger by Steele it is stated that "his great-grandfather was the inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him." Whether its adoption can be traced back to a time before the Commonwealth or after the Restoration need not be discussed here.

The selection of Mr. Austin Dobson's eighteenth-century poems which is published under the title of *The Ballad of Beau Brocade* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) has also been entrusted for illustration to Mr. Thomson's "artistic ingenuity," and very successfully has he acquitted himself of his task. Both artist and author are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the eighteenth century, and we doubt if the picture which Mr. Dobson's rhymes conjure up of life in those times has been surpassed in simplicity or vividness—

Straining and creaking with wheels awry
Lumbering came the "Plymouth fly,"

offering an easy prey to Beau Brocade, who rifles the cloak bags, rips up the cushions, and empties the purses of its passengers, with the silent consent of George the guard. How Dolly the chambermaid subsequently brings Beau Brocade to book is known to those who have read the ballad. Mr. Thomson, it may be said, is seldom better inspired than when he has to deal with horses—whether they are the squire's thoroughbreds, the highwayman's halfbreds, or "the spavined mare with a rusty hide" which carried Dolly on her adventurous journey. This quality of Mr.



Will Wimble with the Puppies.

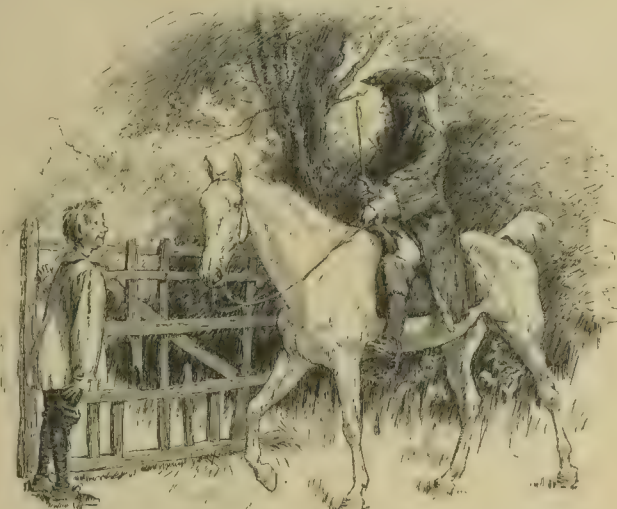
(From "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley.")

Thomson's art has often been noticed, and may, in some measure, be due to his early life and habits. He was not trained as an artist, but during the years of child-



(From "The Ballad of Beau Brocade.")

hood and youth lived a yeoman farmer's life in the north of Ireland, where horses enter more into daily intercourse with their owners than they do on English farms, not even excepting Yorkshire ones. It was among these surroundings that Mr. Thomson's knowledge of country life and its incidents



"Happy if they could open a gallop."

(From "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley.")

was gained, and to them we owe that freshness that characterises his work.

But it is time to return to our text, and to make acquaintance with a very pleasing type of the eighteenth-century which, we fear, has not even in the most remote districts survived the headlong course of its successor, now so rapidly drawing to a close. The gentleman of the old school, who lived at a time when men were less inclined to say

That "Time is Gold" and overley
With toll their pleasure,

besides being an excellent portrait, is also a further instance of Mr. Dobson's facile touch and keen perception of old-world ways; but in the story of "Madame Placid," the gentlewoman of the old school, he touches a deeper and more pathetic note, which recalls, in a way, "Miss Matty"



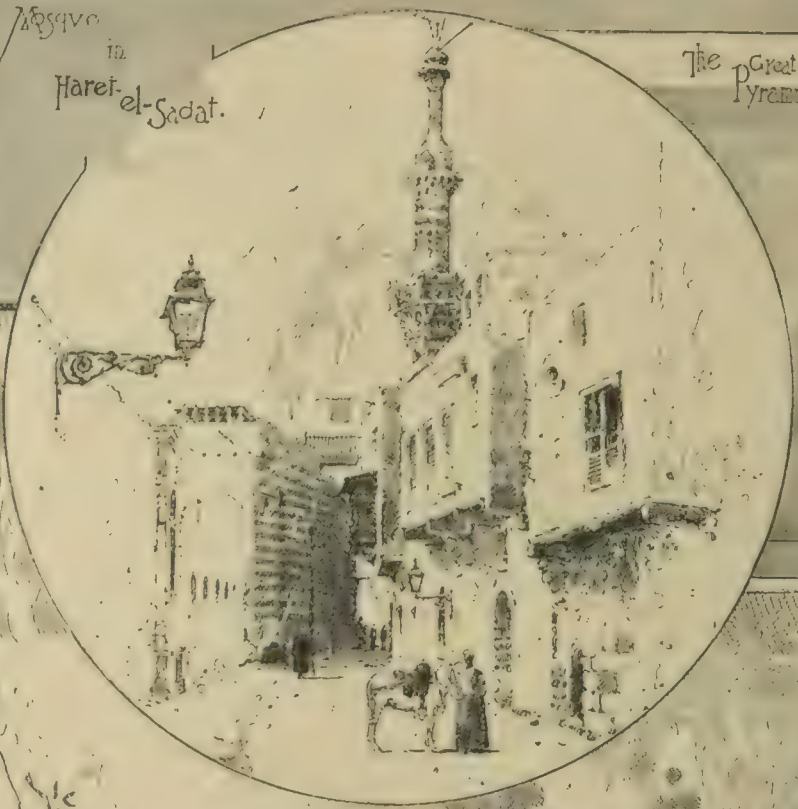
"She'd still her beau."

(From "The Ballad of Beau Brocade.")

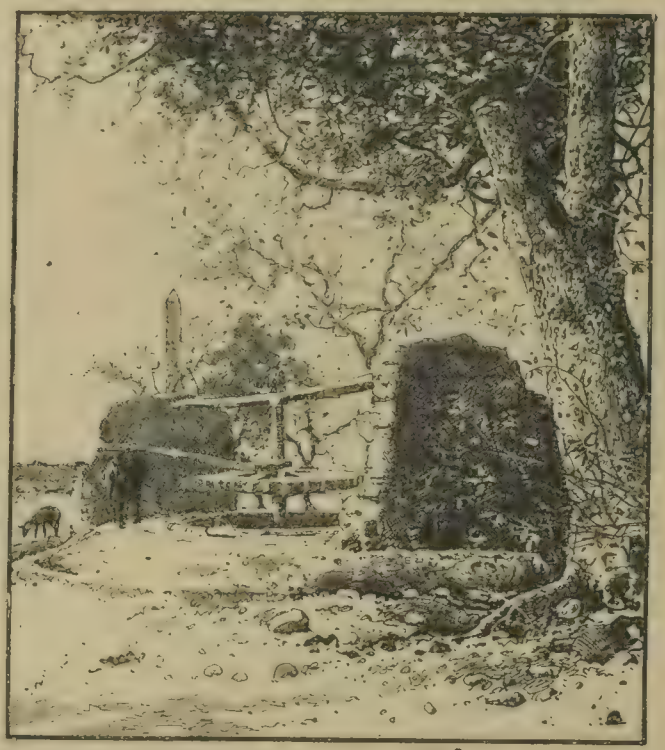
in "Cranford," of whom Mr. Thomson made a delightful portraiture last year—

At sixty-five she'd still her beau,
A lean French exile, lame and slow,
With monstrous snuffbox.

The story of "A Dead Letter" is one which has often been told, but seldom with more grace and tenderness than by Mr. Austin Dobson, and if in this little poem Mr. Thomson has limited himself to touching upon a side issue, we can only recognise his good taste. His strength lies in more humorous, or, at all events, more active episodes of town and country life, and Phyllida and Molly Trefusis are more within his scope than the blighted face of Patience Caryl. Taken together, however, the two books to which reference is here made show that Mr. Thomson understands thoroughly the period he illustrates. From another point of view, too, they deserve to be read as well as looked at together, for they alike show that even the Georgian era was not everywhere as bad as it has often been painted and described.



The Great Pyramid of Gheops.



A Sekhia.



The Tombs of the Caliphs.



Shafia El-Camalia
Cairo.

Holland: Trincham
Cairo, E.

THE GREEK MINISTER'S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

INTERVIEW WITH M. GENNADIUS.

General regret was expressed as soon as it was announced that his Excellency the Greek Minister, M. Gennadius, had been recalled to Athens. Not only among his own countrymen, but in many sections of London society, M. Gennadius has made himself most popular. Few members of the Diplomatic Body

and be silent as a diplomatist, but I have followed with keen interest all the affairs of this land. We Greeks follow you as closely as possible in education and social life. And you would be surprised how well informed the inhabitants of Athens are concerning the doings of the inhabitants of London."

"Have you heard our leading public men, M. Gennadius?"

"Yes; many great occasions have found me in the Diplomatic Gallery of the House of Commons, which of all legislative assemblies in other countries earns my greatest respect as a deliberative gathering of statesmen. What I admire especially is the way in which your politicians are able to cross the boundaries of party and unite for the common cause of good. And many of them have that God-given gift of enthusiasm. Of course, I often heard Lord Beaconsfield, but neither his genius nor Mr. Gladstone's oratory impressed me so deeply as Mr. John Bright's power."

"How would you distinguish the special effect of Mr. Bright's eloquence from that of other speakers?"

"Well, he had not Mr. Gladstone's universaleloquence and capability of speaking on any subject, but he had such a solemnity of presence and such a nobility of phrase—which I can only call 'Archaic'—that his speeches will, in my opinion, outlive the mere interest of the period. Of the younger school of speakers, perhaps Lord Rosebery seems to approach the style of John Bright most nearly, although he is more appreciative of humour."

"Then, as to other speakers, M. Gennadius?"

"Among preachers I appreciated Dean Stanley very much. Oh, yes! I once heard Spurgeon, though it

was many years ago, and I only remember his thrilling voice. I have also heard Archdeacon Farrar and other clergymen well known in England."

"What is your opinion as to our Press?"

"I have been struck by its high moral standard, its sense of public duty, and its literary quality. We in Greece are a newspaper-reading people and therefore can appreciate good writing. Literature was the sole liberal career open to educated Greeks before the War of Independence. My father was the favourite pupil of the great Photiades, who translated Xenophon, the 'Muses' of Herodotus, five of the books of Thucydides, and many other classical works."

The literary faculty has descended from M. George Gennadius to his son, who has only this year rendered good

service in revising Professor M. Constantinides' "Neohellenica."

"My father," continued his Excellency, "founded the first public library in Greece, which is now housed in a handsome building at Athens."

"I notice you have been photographed in the national dress. Is this worn by the Legation in England?"

"I hold that it is most important to preserve the national feeling. Our regulations recommend us to wear the national dress on all State occasions. The Hungarians in the diplomatic service of the dual Empire wear their national dress in preference to the diplomatic uniform."

In the handsome sitting-room I saw many evidences of the artistic taste of the Greek Minister. Here was a characteristic view of St. James's Street ("where I lived when I last arrived in London") by Mr. Whistler. Over the mantelpiece was a fine picture in water-colours of the Parthenon, painted fifty years ago by Mr. Page. Then a photographic group reminds one that M. Gennadius was one of the Greek delegates at the Berlin Conference. Some really beautiful sketches by the sister of the Greek Minister show him as a little boy. Everything in each room has an individuality of its own, from the pictures on the walls down to the elegant paper-weight which is lying



Photo by Walery, Regent Street.

M. GENNADIUS.

have entered with such enthusiastic interest into the social movements of the day, with the result that in literary and artistic circles M. Gennadius has become a familiar figure. As under the new régime in Greece we are so soon to lose her Minister Plenipotentiary—at all events, for a time—a member of the staff of the *Illustrated London News* called the other day for a chat with M. Gennadius in his beautiful home in Eaton Square.

Between the whiffs of a cigarette the Greek Minister gave some of his views on various matters noticed by him during his stay.

"How long have you been in England, M. Gennadius?"

"I came here as secretary of the Legation in 1874, and have represented my country in successive diplomatic grades ever since. Eighteen months before my recall, I had attained the position of Minister Plenipotentiary. I am expecting to leave England in the first week of February, and to me it is a real regret, for I have so many friends here, and their expressions of goodwill have been quite overwhelming."

"And did your acquaintance with us begin in 1874?"

"Oh no, for I had an English governess, and, in fact, never recollect a time when I could not speak English."

"Can you give me any of the impressions which English life has made on your mind during your sojourn in this country?"

"If you ask me as to social and general matters, I can only reiterate my gratitude for all the hospitality shown to me. It has been my duty to observe



THE GREEK MINISTER'S STUDY.

upon the current copy of *Truth*. Upstairs there were portraits of the King and Queen of Greece, presented to M. Gennadius by their Majesties. "The King occupies a remarkable position," said he, "and has such a knowledge of the politics of Greece that he can wield a decisive influence thereon. And there is an enthusiastic love for the royal family, which is remarkable considering the youth of the dynasty." I mentioned the possible visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Athens, and M. Gennadius at once said how delighted the Greek people would be to welcome once again the King's beloved sister. By-the-way, I noticed in the library of M. Gennadius an excellent portrait of her Majesty the Queen, and on each side were portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. One curious fact I learnt from the Greek Minister was that he was charged, on behalf of his country, to represent it with regard to the Netherlands as well as Great Britain. "But I suppose there has not been much diplomatic business on this account, M. Gennadius?" "No; but every now and then matters have arisen which made it important for Greece to be thus represented in connection with the Netherlands. Of course, the merely commercial questions which arise from time to time are under the cognisance of the Consul-General, and he continues in this country."

I could well understand the regret which M. Gennadius feels at leaving England, if only because he must say farewell to his home in London, which is decorated throughout in charming style. In the drawing-room old gold is the prevailing tint, while in the adjoining room a very pretty effect is produced by a dado of fans. One of Mr. Tristram Ellis's admirable water-colour pictures, painted in Greece which he knows so well, adorns one room; and everywhere the eye lights on some artistic ornament. M. Gennadius has, ever since his residence in England, shown his literary sympathies. He is a vice-president, I believe, of the Royal Society of Literature, in whose proceedings he has manifested great interest. Then, only a few evenings ago, he was a guest of the Johnson Club—a coterie of admirers of the great Doctor—and contributed to the enjoyment of the proceedings by a graceful speech. At a time when more than one popular diplomat is about to depart from London it is all the more a matter for regret that M. Gennadius should be recalled to Athens. The Greek Minister will leave England with the assurance of our best wishes for his speedy return to the country which he has so long regarded as his home.



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF M. GENNADIUS IN EATON SQUARE.

MASHONALAND.

The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland. By J. T. Bent, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. (Longmans.) Since a certain Nimrod came back



MR. THEODORE BENT.

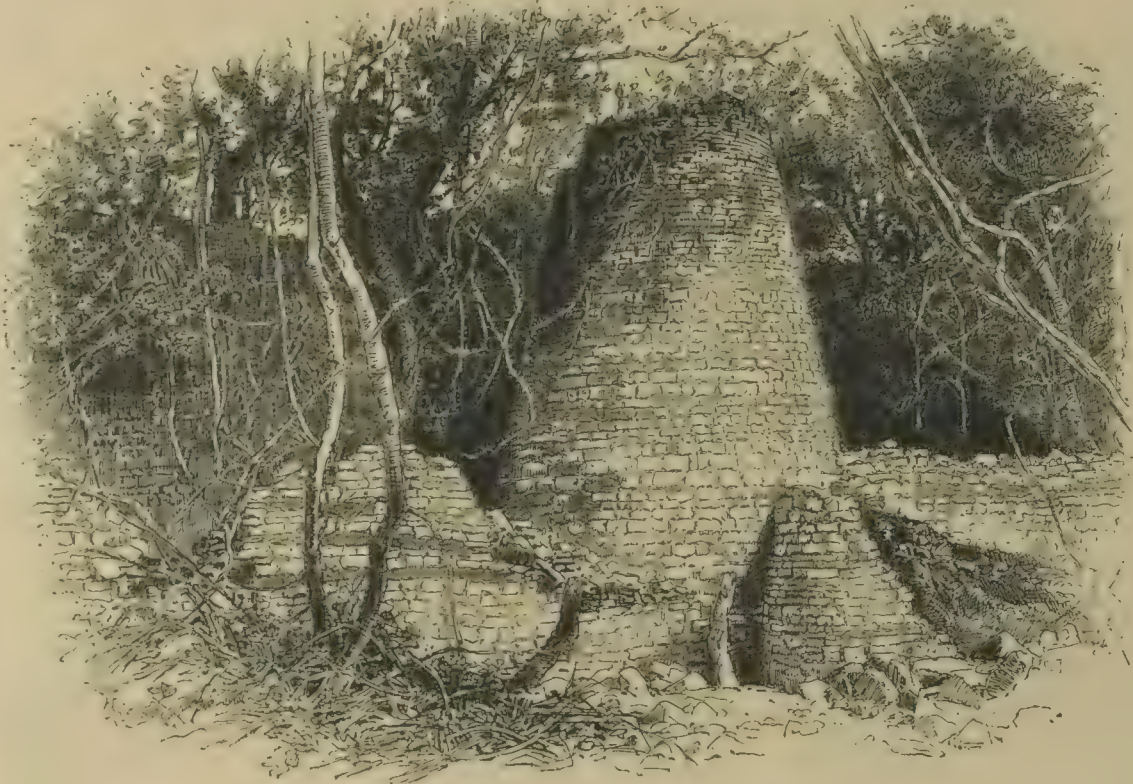
from Mashonaland with a great many skins. I have thought vaguely of that country as a haunt of lions, where you cannot take a stroll without making up your mind to have it out with the king of beasts, or to postpone that pleasure with the utmost possible despatch. If I remember rightly, Nimrod returned with no enthusiastic belief in Mashonaland for the purposes of

commercial investment. It may have been the land of Ophir in the remote past, but he did not think that reputation was worth much in the market now. Such were my impressions about Mashonaland before reading Mr. Bent's book. I gather from this that the lions are not so numerous as they were; probably the exploits of a noble sportsman have made them dread the white man. As to the practical value of the country Mr. Bent is reticent. He came upon traces of the adventurous gentry who thought they had found a new Eldorado, and their disillusion is evidently strong upon him. Besides, he is a scientific man, not a speculator, and cares a good deal more for ruins than for railways. It is positively affecting to find Mr. Bent, who acknowledges his indebtedness to the Chartered Company of South Africa, manfully striving to make them some return with a hazy picture of the conditions under which Mashonaland is to "go ahead." For instance, a railway from the coast would be an excellent thing, though a conscientious geographer is forced to admit that the hills would take a deal of costly tunnelling and that the swamps might kill a good many workmen. "By all means, make a railway, my dear Rhodes," I can hear Mr. Bent saying to that man of resource. "I don't know whether it will

crosses my mind, the suspicion that those Abyssinians or Arabians scooped all the ore worth having. But I may be quite wrong, and, at any rate, it is your duty to open up the country and shed upon it the blessings of civilisation."

If Mr. Bent's enthusiasm for Mashonaland as a happy hunting-ground for chartered corporations seems rather tepid, there is no doubt about his zeal when he gets among the ruins. There is a minute description of those "cities" which

Khama's vice was a selfish disposition to monopolise his tailor. No ruler with any desire to spread æsthetic principles in his dominions would permit his people to go about with the "decorated heads" which we reproduce from Mr. Bent's drawing. The native ladies have a fearful and wonderful taste for tattooing, but they showed an instinct for enlightenment by their interest in Mrs. Bent's hair, which was constantly let down, like Elvira's in Mr. Gilbert's poem.



LARGE ROUND TOWER IN CIRCULAR RUIN, ZIMBABWE.

might be more aptly described as fortified camps. They were evidently constructed by a people who came from a great distance for a special purpose, and took the most elaborate precautions to secure themselves against attack. There seems to be no reason to question the conclusions of ethnologists that these ancient sojourners in Mashonaland burrowed for gold, which they carried back to Arabia. Their monuments are extremely primitive, and they were so thoughtless as to leave no inscriptions for the benefit of the speculative theorist. The most interesting discovery is the trace of Semitic

blood in the population to-day, a track of inquiry which may carry the Mashona pedigree back to Ham. The general reader of Mr. Bent's volume will care more for the vivacious sketches of life and character among the natives of our "spheres of influence." There is a chief of Mr. Bent's acquaintance who enjoys a monthly pension, which he keeps under his pillow, and is extremely proud of his diploma of F.O.S. This does not mean that he is a fellow of some orthodox society, but it proclaims him a Friend of Ally Sloper. Mr. Bent, I observe, owns a version of the "no more blanket, no more hallelujah" story, which ought in time to employ as much learning and ingenuity as the celebrated rhyme about Timbuctoo.

But it is not every chief who supplies themes for flippant anecdote, and many readers will be glad to learn that Khama is a sincerely religious man, who prohibits the brewing of beer, holds services twice every Sunday, rigorously enforces the observance of that day, regulates the price of every commodity, and when he sells a horse which subsequently falls ill always returns the money to the purchaser. I am inclined to think that, instead of sending missionaries to Khama, we should respectfully beg him to visit England for a season and take our morals in hand. Khama is one of the few African potentates who has mastered the art of dress. He wears "well-made boots, trousers with a correct seam down each side, an irreproachable coat, a billycock hat [what will Mr. Henry Arthur Jones say?], and gloves."

Mr. Bent thinks this scrupulous study of costume is a "vice"; but I do not grasp his ethical standard in this respect, for in one place he finds the hereditary nudity of the people conducive to modesty, and in another he congratulates the native women on the superior decency of their garments. I should have thought that

When the travellers visited Mtoko, that potentate betrayed a most ungallant unwillingness even to look at Mrs. Bent. He believed she had been "sent to cast a glamour over him"—not the glamour which is associated with feminine charms by civilised chivalry. He was afraid, indeed, that he might be stricken by a mortal disease if he were so rash as to touch the lady's hand, or that she might hypnotise him into the surrender of his dominions.



DECORATED HEADS.

"He had been told how these white men are ruled over by a woman, and he thought Queen Victoria had sent a humble representative of her sex to bring about the same state of affairs in his country." This suspicion was removed when Mrs. Bent presented him with some needles, and when she threw him into rapt ecstasy by letting down her back hair "which she took so long in dressing."

L. F. A.



APPROACH TO THE FORTRESS BY THE CLEFT, ZIMBABWE.

repay you, but it will afford an easy approach to the ancient gold mines. Most remarkable specimens of engineering, these mines; some of the shafts are fifty feet deep, and the old miners must have found a lot of gold in their time. Candour compels me to say, my dear Rhodes, that a suspicion



STRAW HAT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Now that we have arrived at the end of another year, we find ourselves almost compelled to take a backward glance at the progress which science has made during the past twelve months, if only by way of encouraging us to hope for a repetition of the good things which that wisdom the poet extols may ensure in the days to come. There has been no lack of scientific industry during the past year, as this column, devoted to recording what is passing in the science world, can testify. From attempts to photograph natural objects in their true colours, onwards to research into the nature of the canal system of Mars, and to investigations into the nature of germ life, scientists have been busily employed. Indeed, with the end of each year, one has to record a feeling of satisfaction that there seems no diminution, but, on the contrary, a perceptible increase, of research in well-nigh every department of inquiry. This is not to be wondered at, for everywhere science-teaching is itself on the increase. Districts which a few years ago were without means of science-culture at all now possess their local colleges or universities. In schools, science-teaching grows in importance year by year, and technical classes, under the auspices of County Councils, supply workmen with the means of understanding the theory of their trade and the bearings of science upon the processes in which they engage in their daily labour. All these things are matters for congratulation. "Knowledge comes" truly, not in dribbles, but in veritable cartloads; let us hope that wisdom itself will not linger, but that the applications of science to improve and brighten life and all its interests will continue to "grow from more to more," and at least place us on a par with other nations, notably Germany, whose devotion to scientific inquiry is matter of common comment among us.

I observe that the nature of the germ of tetanus (or lock-jaw) has again been the subject of investigation by Dr. Kitasato, who can boast of being the first to discover and separate out this bacillus as a distinct entity. It is an important member of the germ family, this tetanus bacillus. Living in the earth, it gains access to wounds, and, once introduced into the system, produces its untoward effects. It seems that the adult germ is highly sensitive to heat and light, and is, therefore, susceptible of change, while its youthful forms (or spores) are, on the contrary, highly refractory in nature and resist influences to which the adult bacilli succumb. It is the spores which infect us with tetanus, a fact proved by the time which elapses between their introduction into a wound and the appearance of that ailment. In the interval, the spores develop in the body into bacilli, and these full-grown germs, through the products to which they give origin, set up the disease.

Science here, as elsewhere, has not only been experimenting upon the nature of tetanus and its germ, but has been endeavouring to discover means for rendering the germ harmless in its effects on the animal frame. The blood-fluid (or serum) of the horse can thus be rendered absolutely protected as regards the bacillus; so that mice, first inoculated with the spores, and subsequently with the serum, recovered with hardly an exception. Those not so protected invariably died from the disease. As an evidence of the extraordinary vitality of the spores of this bacillus, it is mentioned that after a lapse of eleven years splinters of wood which had been "inoculated" with them may retain their power of conveying the disease. Thus a child had died of tetanus, the exciting cause being a wound made by a wood-splinter. Eleven years afterwards the same splinter (which had been withdrawn from the wound) was used to inoculate a rabbit. The animal died of tetanus, and the characteristic germs were discovered in its blood.

I have of late been much amused by the discussions taking place in English courts of law relative to the administration of the oath. "Kiss the book" is, I believe, the adjuration with which the official whose business it is to administer the oath concludes his duty, and the witness is supposed to kiss the too often greasy and dirty Testament used in the law court. What the Testament used in some criminal courts would afford to a bacteriologist who might use it in the cultivation of the germs it contains, may be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that one has much sympathy with those acute persons who kiss their thumbs instead of the book, a practice which recently drew down on the head of a witness the rebuke of the judge. In another case, a medical man was told he might kiss the inside of the Testament; but, as a contemporary inquires, what will the pages themselves become, in the way of infective materials, if this practice is to be adhered to?

It seems to be perfectly legal in England to swear a witness who merely, after the Scottish fashion, uplifts his right hand. There is a clause, I understand, in the Oaths Bill which permits this mode of administering the oath, and I should advise all my readers who may be cited as witnesses to insist, from sanitary reasons, on being sworn in this fashion. In Scotland it is the judge who administers the oath, and the process partakes there of a solemnity of which the English procedure is destitute. The one thing to be borne in mind by all concerned, is that serious infection might be conveyed by kissing a book befouled by the osculations of all sorts and conditions of persons. It only needs the exercise of a little common-sense to cause an alteration to be made in the procedure and to ensure safety from preventable disease.

Cases of poisoning by tinned foods have of late days been somewhat frequent. In one case tinned sardines caused death; in another case tinned meat was the source of serious symptoms. These results are apparently due to the development of "ptomaines," or poisonous products resulting from the decomposition of the meat, or from the work of germs themselves. There may thus be represented in such cases a double cause of the ailments induced. In some mussels there have been found extremely dangerous forms of bacilli, and the curious point regarding such germs is that, while harmless if inoculated directly into an animal body, they acquire very poisonous properties when swallowed. The matter is one which has, of course, important bearings on the public health. I fancy what can be done in the way of prevention, is the ensuring of the absolute freshness, purity, and cleanliness of the meats which are to be preserved. Then, again, there is the precaution to be observed not to eat any preserved foods which have been opened and allowed to stand for a time exposed to the air. I think it is provable that many cases of poisoning, by tinned salmon, for example, arise from the use of foods thus exposed after being opened. Germ-life finds in such foods an appropriate soil, and breeds therein. Beyond these precautions I do not know what one could advise in the direction of preventing these lamentable fatalities, unless one advised cooking the food, a process the necessity for which the food itself, as a preserved dainty, is supposed to obviate.

CHESS.

KING'S PAWN (Chester).—Is the position submitted to our adjudication by both parties, or has it already been decided? We must know this before giving our opinion.

J C J.—The continuation is 2. P to Q 3rd (ch), K takes P; 3. R takes B. Mate. COLUMBUS.—We should be glad to have them pointed out, if there are.

W S FENOLLOSA.—Your problem, for a beginner, shows signs of a constructive faculty, and you will doubtless do better things with practice.

S KINO (Kirkham).—J M Brown, Bagby Street, Leeds. We regret we cannot answer by post.

R W SEATON (Virginia Water).—You give White's second move P to Kt 6th, and there is no such move on the diagram.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—You have rightly divined our sentiments. The idea is an old one.

L DESANGES.—1. Kt to R 3rd (ch), B takes Kt, 2. B to K 3rd (ch), Kt takes B, 3. P takes Kt, Mate, also solves your problem.

G B F and J B.—Your respective communications to hand, which shall receive our careful consideration.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 232 and 233 received from O H B (Barkly East); of No. 234 from O H B and Henry Clarke (Bangalore); of No. 235 from M Salem (Trieste) and James Clark (Chester); of No. 236 from FitzWarine (Exeter); James Clark, Charles Burnett, M Salem, David Malar (Penzance), W (Turkey), Blair H Cochrane (Glewer), and Emil Mantels (Gumbinnen); of No. 237 from A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), C M A B, W David (Cardiff), M A Eyre (Falkstone), M Salem, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 231 received from Columbus, William Guy, Jun. (Johnstone), T T Blythe, E E H, J Goad, T Roberts, R H Brooks, Alhambra, Z Ince (London), A H B, J W Binger, P J Knecht, Dr P St, G V Perugini, W E Taitell, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Bruton, J C Ireland, Abberton, J F Moon, Martin F, H B Hurford, T G Ware, W R B (Plymouth), E Louden, Victorio Aioz y del Frago, Walter W Hooper (Plymouth), Bluet, W Wright, David Malar, Hereward, J Dixon, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), M A Eyre, W David, G Joicey, M Burke, Oldham Club, W P Hind, Julia Short (Exeter), H S Brandreth, E H Whinfield, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), E Bygott, Nanki-Poo (Bourne End), Sorrento (Dawlish), Shadforth, C M A B, E Philpott (Birmingham), A Newman, Blair H Cochrane, Charles Burnett, A W Hamilton-Gell, R Johnson, L Desanges, T P Jannings, and R Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2510.—BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

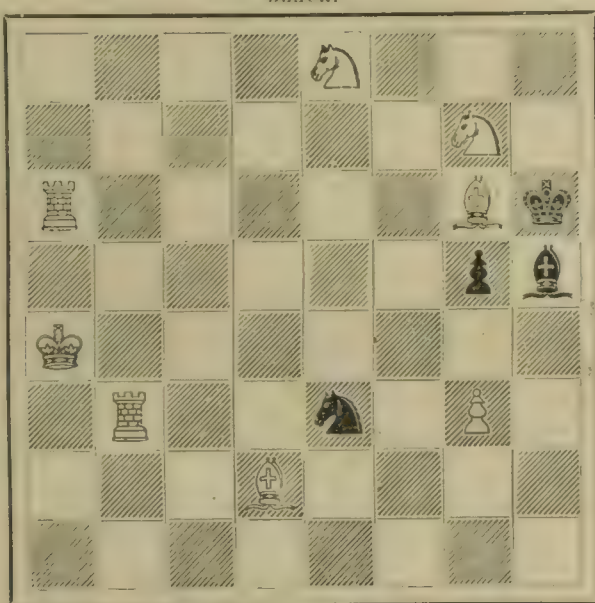
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to R 7th. K to Q 5th
2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch). K moves
3. Q or Kt mates.

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Kt to B 6th, Any move; 3. Q mates. If 1. K moves, or 1. P to Q 4th, then 2. Q to K 7th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2513.

By CARSLAKE W. W. O'D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Mr. E. LASKER and Mr. A. E. BLACKMAR.
(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	13. Kt to K 2nd.	Here Steinitz thinks White should w.n. The proper reply is B takes Kt, and if Kt takes Kt, B takes Q P (ch). Now the game goes gradually in Black's favour.
2. K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.	14. Kt takes B.	R P takes Kt.
3. P to Q 4th.	P takes P.	15. B to Q 2nd.	P to Q 3rd.
4. Kt takes P.	B to B 4th.	16. Q B to B 3rd.	R to B sq.
5. Kt to Kt 3rd.		17. B takes Kt.	P takes B.
A sound variation, constantly adopted years ago, and commended by Steinitz and Blackburne.		18. P to R 3rd.	Kt to Kt 3rd.
6. B to K 2nd.	B to Kt 3rd.	19. K R to K sq.	B to Q 2nd.
7. Castles.	Kt to B 3rd.	20. Kt to Q 4th.	Castles.
8. Kt to B 3rd.	P to K R 4th.	21. Q R to Q sq.	Kt to K 4th.
With the object of playing Kt to K Kt 5th. It seems, however, better policy to play Kt takes P, and if P to Kt 3rd, Kt takes Kt, attacking White's Queen.		22. R to K 2nd.	R to B 2nd.
9. Q to Q 2nd.	K Kt to Kt 5th.	23. R to K B sq.	R to R 2nd.
10. Q to B 4th.	P to Kt 4th.	24. R (at B sq) to K sq.	Q R to R sq.
11. Q to Kt 3rd.	Q takes Q.	25. P to B 4th.	P takes P (en passant).
12. P takes Q.	P to B 3rd.	26. K takes P.	Black mates in two moves.
13. Kt to Q 5th.			

Mr. J. E. Whinop, 23, West Hilary Street, Leeds, has brought out a modification of the pocket chess-board, in which by the substitution of xylonite and leather for cardboard a more durable form of this useful chess-player's companion is obtained. The board, with its black and white squares and the flexible but untearable pieces, gives a very clear view of a position, and fits into a strong leather wallet for carrying about. The price, post free, is 3s. 2d., a small increase in cost over the ordinary kind considering its advantages.

A grand winter tournament open to all British amateurs will be held in Canbridge, commencing Jan. 3, 1893; the prizes to be as nearly as possible £20 and £10, with an entrance fee of £2 2s., and the competitors will form themselves into a committee of management at the time of meeting. The strongest amateurs are invited to take part. Mr. Blake, Mr. Gunston, Rev. A. B. Skipworth, &c., have already signified their intention of playing, and the first honours, we are sure, will not be easily won. The competition will be on the usual lines of the counties' meetings. All communications to be addressed to Chess Editor (Rev. A. B. Skipworth), *Scholastic Globe*, 142, Fleet Street, E.C.

The annual contest between the East and West of Scotland came off on Dec. 19, in the Waterloo Hotel, when about two hundred players assembled to take part in the proceedings. The Western players not having arrived in sufficient force for supplying opponents to the whole of those present on the other side, the combatants were reduced to eighty-nine pairs, who set to work immediately on being paired. Two games only were to be played, and the result was a victory for the East by one game—a wonderfully close majority, considering the large number of competitors. Everything passed off very agreeably during the contest, and in the evening the teams dined together, under the presidency of Sheriff Spens.

A curious example of fictitious business in the name of a limited liability company was investigated by the Registrar at the Bankruptcy Court on Dec. 21. This was the British Cattle Foods Company, formed in 1888 by Mr. H. J. Lawson as promoter, and others, to carry on the manufactures of Messrs. Myers' cattle and poultry foods and those of Messrs. Foster, Warren, and Co., which were to be purchased for £12,712, and would yield profits amounting to £15,000 a year. It was falsely stated that these wares had won high prizes at agricultural exhibitions, testimonials from the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and large orders from customers. Mr. Lawson had, in fact, purchased the business for £1300, his object being "simply to float a company," for which he got between £9000 and £10,000. About £2000 was paid in dividends to shareholders, though the expenses were more than the sales. A winding-up order was made in January last.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The trousseau of Princess Marie of Edinburgh on her marriage with the heir-apparent to the throne of Roumania has been made in London, and completed in unusually good time in order that it may be safely transported to the place where it will be worn. The outfit is very large. The Duchess of Edinburgh herself had an enormous trousseau, and apparently the memory of that has influenced her to give her daughter a large one also. It is, however, opposed to the modern notions to do this; many aristocratic brides of the last few years—Princess Louise of Wales among others—have had a number of unmade dresses included in their outfits; pieces of materials of a rich description that are not subject to lose fashion rapidly, left to be made up as the mode changes. An immense stock of dresses is really useless. If one is a pretty young bride, one can still but wear a single frock at a time! Indeed, a superabundance of anything is no advantage to the possessor, owing to the unlucky fact that human powers of use and enjoyment are limited. Solomon made that observation some time ago, by-the-way. "When goods are increased," said the richest man of his time, "they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owner thereof save the beholding of it with his eyes?" This immense trousseau can never be worn out by the young Princess of Edinburgh; for there is so much of it in every department that she may well become weary even of "beholding it with her eyes."

The wedding-dress itself is, like those of royal brides generally, cut décolletée, after the fashion of an evening gown. The material is white poult-de-soie, a singularly soft and lustrous make of silk. Its pure whiteness is mitigated by silver and pearl embroideries done on the fabric: these form festoons round the bottom, both of the skirt and the long rounded train, which is cut in one with the front. Two rows of narrow silver and pearl embroidery run up the front, graduated more and more finely to the waist, and there meet descending rows of the same delicate silver tracery on the short bodice. Two deeper bands of similar embroidery appear under the berthe, which is of white velvet to match the full-puffed sleevelets. A sash of white silk with long embroidered ends is folded round the waist, a trail of orange-blossoms being tied in with the knot at the side of the figure; and the emblematical flowers also edge the trained skirt beneath the embroidery festoons. As the wedding will take place in the afternoon, by artificial light, this marvellous combination of purity and glittering splendour will be displayed to full advantage. There are not, it appears, to be any bridesmaids, in our sense of the word, and the three little sisters of the bride, though they will be placed near her, are not to be dressed uniformly: one is to wear pale-blue brocade, and the next old-pink brocade, while little Princess Beatrice, who is only eight, will be clad in a simple cream silk and lace-trimmed child's frock.

The bride will start away with her husband in a pale heliotrope, almost lavender, cloth, embroidered in white silk, and made with a yoke of white sparingly embroidered with flecks of silk to match the rest of the dress. This is a simple frock that any bride might wear, but a far more showy dress is provided for her Royal Highness's entry into the capital of her future kingdom. This dress is of that lovely new shaded velvet with a shimmering surface that is well called "mirror" velvet. It is in the palest faint green, that as the light falls on it in some directions looks to be all but white, like the drooping shoots of the birch tree in early spring. This pale green at the bodice is relieved with a deep-shaped belt, embroidered with gold and all the tones of green that will harmonise with the velvet—a belt that would be barbaric in its splendour of tones but that they are all artistically blended into one whole. The bodice is folded from the throat to under this belt, the sleeves are immensely full, and the collar of velvet plain. A coat is provided to wear over this gown during the drive through the cold streets: it is a Russian pelisse, lined throughout with pure white fur, which is visible as revers down the front. The material of this coat is also mirror velvet of a pale grey and pink shot colour, that goes well with the delicate green of the gown. A toque of velvet with a gold embroidered crown is to be worn with this dress.

Several of the dresses are made with trimming along the seams of the skirts. This is especially the case with the evening dresses. One of silk, shot from palest pink to green, as delicate as the inside of a shell, has a line of embroidery in corresponding colours up each seam; a deep waistband and a foot trimming to the skirt are similarly worked; and the sleeves and berthe are of sea-green mirror velvet. Another style altogether is a sherry-coloured shot silk, that slips, polonaise-fashion, over an underskirt of blue velvet, embroidered in gold, which shows at the sides where the top dress is slit open; this is quite mediæval. A white cut velvet dress is trimmed with berthe and belt of sulphur-yellow crêpe de Chine, embroidered with golden heartsease in corresponding colours. Magnificent mantles accompany the evening gowns, as well as the walking ones. An extremely fine one is in Imperial violet velvet, lined throughout with ermine. Another is of wave-woven white corded silk, trimmed with silver and crystal embroidery and bands and collar of white ostrich feathers. Bucharest is cold in winter, and many of the mantles are fur-trimmed accordingly. One of black velvet is embroidered with jet, and has a vest of silver fox, and other trimmings of the same fur. A big cloak of blue fluffy cloth, patterned slightly with white, is finished with a collar of beaver and lined with fur.

Then of underclothing this wealthy young Princess (whose mother was one of the greatest heiresses in European royalty) has an immense stock provided by parental kindness. She has three dozen silk petticoats, and twelve dozen of various articles of *lingerie*. Of pocket-handkerchiefs she has nine dozen, all embroidered, or coloured, or in some way decorated, and no two precisely alike. Stockings and shoes are provided in all colours to match the gowns; of the former there are several dozen pairs. I once heard a wise old lady declare that it is not wise for a girl's parents to stock her wardrobe too liberally even with such things as these, which are not likely to go out of fashion. But the reason was one that would not apply to rich young brides, and especially princesses, though it is worth pondering by middle-class parents. It was, that it is best for the wife to have to demand a dress allowance from the husband before too long a time has passed after the wedding-day; for if he does not supply anything of the kind for a considerable period he is the more dissatisfied when his hour must come to do so at last. Girls who marry with settlements, and those with a fortune of their own, are happily free from any such considerations.

The ladies of Roumania proposed to present Princess Marie with a wedding gift of a diamond necklace, but her Royal Highness, doubtless acting under the most competent advice, has asked permission to "gratefully decline" the present, and the ladies have resolved to beg her to accept the amount already subscribed, and on her wedding day to indicate the institution or charity to which her Royal Highness will present it to form a memento of the happy occasion.



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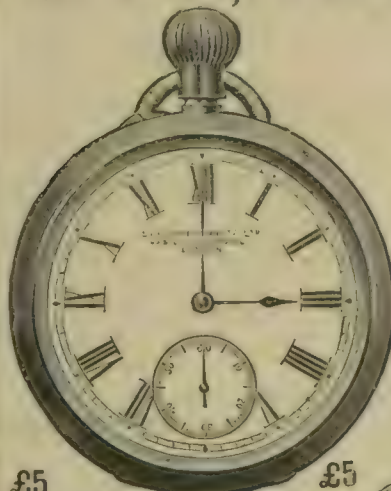
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 24, 1884), with a codicil (dated April 26, 1888), of Lord Tennyson was proved on Dec. 16 by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £57,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he gives all his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold lands, tenements, and hereditaments to such uses and upon and for such trusts, intents, and purposes as his son Hallam shall by deed or will appoint, and the residue of his personal estate to his said son absolutely. He appoints his son literary executor, and specifically bequeaths to him all his manuscripts, literary works, and copyrights, but the income therefrom during the life of his wife is to go with the income of his residuary estate.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Ayrshire, of the general trust disposition and settlement, dated May 4, 1891, with holograph codicil and deed of bequest and conveyance, of Archibald William Montgomerie, Earl of Eglinton and Winton, who died on Aug. 30 at Eglinton Castle, near Irvine, granted to the Hon. Greville Richard Vernon, the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., and Patrick Blair, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 15, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £205,000.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1892) of Mr. William Robert Barker, late of 143, New Bond Street, and 50, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, chemist, who died on Oct. 19, has just been proved by John Andrews, Edward Warwick Williams, William Henry Gallier, and Alfred Barker, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; £250 to the Pharmaceutical Society Benevolent Fund; £100 to the Cheltenham Hospital; £50 to Miss Wemyss's Home, Painswick, Gloucestershire; £7000, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £100 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Harriet Badham, and subject thereto for his niece Edith Barker Badham; £5000, upon trust, for each of his nieces Winifred Hamer Badham and Martha Jenner; £4000, upon trust, for his niece Amelia Mercy Henry; and liberal legacies to other of his relatives, friends, executors, employés of his firm, and servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves three sixths to his said niece Edith Barker Badham, and one sixth each to his said nieces Winifred Hamer Badham and Martha Jenner, and to his nephew Alfred Barker.

The will (dated March 28, 1892) of Mr. William Groves, late of Little Bounders Green, Southborough, Kent, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Dec. 9 by Professor James William Groves, the nephew, Miss Frederica Harriett Groves, the niece, and Charles Octavius Boys, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor, Mr. Boys; and annuities of £66 each to his cousins, Caroline Sophia Parkinson, George Seaborn Parkinson, and George Bowles. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his nephew, the said James William Groves, and his niece, the said Frederica Harriett Groves, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 18, 1892) of Mr. Joshua Fielden, D.L., J.P., late of Beechamwell Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Dec. 14 by Alfred Aitkin Thom and Lionel Leonard Pilkington, the half-brother, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over

£27,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to permit his wife to receive the net annual income, for life or so long as she shall remain his widow, she maintaining, educating, and bringing up his daughter Constance, while unmarried, suitably to her station in life. In the event of his wife marrying again, he gives her in lieu of such life interest an annuity of £500. Subject to the provision made for his wife, he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his said daughter for life, and then for her children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 18, 1868) of Lieutenant-General Charles Creagh Osborne, C.B., late of 26, Palmeira Square, Hove, who died on Aug. 17 at Lymington, Hants, was proved on Dec. 3 by Francis Henry Crozier, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator leaves all the freehold and leasehold property he is entitled to under the will of his uncle, Major William Osborne, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Harriet Frances Osborne, for life, and then for his son, Frank Creagh Osborne. The residue of his property he gives to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1897) of Mr. Franklin Thomas Boucher, formerly of Tynemouth, Northumberland, collector of customs, and late of 17, Broad Walk, Brixton, who died on Oct. 15, has just been proved by Mrs. Sophia Boucher, the widow, James Basset and Franklin George Homan, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator bequeaths the £500 for which his life is insured to his wife; the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, she paying during that period £100 per annum to his son, Franklin Coles Boucher, and £100 per annum (to be increased to £150 on her marriage) to his daughter, Sophia Boucher. On the death or second marriage of his wife, he gives £1500 to the children of his sister, Sarah Eliza Evans; and the ultimate residue to his said son and daughter, in equal shares.

The will of Miss Anne Thacker, late of Stonecroft, Earley, Reading, and of Ferndale, Sunningdale, Berks, who died on Sept. 10 at Ostend, was proved on Nov. 16 by Frederick Pope and John Egginton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000.

The will of Mrs. Caroline Amelia Elizabeth Hervey Michan, late of 40, Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Dec. 14 by Walter Ernest Sampson and Thomas Hay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4201.

The will of Colonel Charles Edward Gostling-Murray, D.L., J.P., late of Whittan Park, Middlesex, who died on May 24, was proved on Dec. 14 by Mrs. Margaret Frances Elizabeth Gostling-Murray, the widow and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2377.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1891), with a codicil (dated May 23, 1892), of Mr. Thomas Mosley Crowder, Bursar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, formerly of Thornton Hall, Bedale, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Dec. 13 by Sir Matthew Blayney Smith Dodsworth, Bart., the nephew, and Randle Fynes Wilson Holme, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his niece, Lady Peirse; £1500, upon trust, for his nephew Frederick Cadwallader Dodsworth; £1000 each to his nieces and nephews, Charles Edward Peirse, Jane

Percy Alexander, Richard Henry Peirse, and Clara Frances Peirse; £500 to his nephew Charles Fairfax Crowder; £100 to his executor, Mr. Holme; and his horses and saddlery to his said nephew Frederick Cadwallader Dodsworth. The residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, he gives to his nephew the said Sir Matthew Blayney Smith Dodsworth.

A SNAKE LEGEND.

The popular belief (writes a correspondent) that "wherever you leave a dead snake its mate always comes there and curls round it" is so old as to be known to Greek mythology. According to the legend, Glaucus, son of Minos, having been found dead, the father immured the soothsayer Polydus in the tomb along with the body, threatening not to release him until he should have brought the child to life. What ensued is thus described by the poet—

From the wall a snake came gliding, huge and terrible and loth,
Bronzed its scales with fire and duskeness, from its jaws flowed violet
froth,
And its eyes the cell illumined. Up to Glaucus, with dire hiss,
Crept it, round his bosom coiling. Polydus, seeing this,
Grasped his augur staff, snake-twisted; two great strokes, the serpent,
slain,
Lay upon the coloured pavement with snapt spine and scattered brain.
Lo! another snake enormous. To that slaughtered one it went,
Licked it, twined itself around it, hissing forth its discontent.
Threateningly did Polydus raise his staff, but yet his blow
Checked the angur mild and pious, reverencing that serpent's woe.
So the snake departed, scatheless. Suddenly it came again
Straining on with horrid whistlings, in its jaws a leaf was lain.
Round its slaughtered mate it twisted, laid the chewed leaf upon it.
Straight the outpoured brain was gathered, straight the sundered spine
reknit.
Live with giant wreaths enormous, making all the vault to shine,
Rose that formidable dragon. "Phœbus, the portent is thine!"
Cried the sage, and forward bending, half despair and half belief,
Touched the lifeless youth's pale forehead with the serpent-given leaf.
Lo! the rigid nostril quivered, warmly ran each thawing vein,
Light the unglazing eye environed. Glaucus stirred and spoke again.

The subject is depicted on a Greek vase recently acquired by the British Museum.

A telegram from Australia reports a deplorable boating accident on Dec. 26, in Sydney Harbour, by the upsetting of a sailing-boat in a squall of wind; seven of a pleasure-party were drowned.

Another British mail steamer has been wrecked on the Portuguese shores. The Nubian, belonging to the Union Steam-ship Company, bound for the Cape and Natal with ninety-three passengers, was entering the Tagus for Lisbon on Dec. 20, between three and four in the afternoon, in a thick fog, when she got on the rocks near the Lazaretto. The passengers, mails, and baggage were saved and taken to Lisbon. The ship sank during the night that followed. There was no loss of life.

Skating too early on the thin ice formed in two or three cold days at Christmas has caused sad loss of life. On Monday, Dec. 26, at Rochdale, the ice of a deep "lodge" at the Marland dyeworks broke under the skaters; Miss Nellie Holt and her cousin, Charles Coates, and three or four other persons were drowned. On the lake in Wanstead Park, east of London, three men, two of them under twenty years of age, perished by a similar lamentable disaster. General Rice, tenant of the Aviemore estate in the Highlands, was drowned while skating on Loch Aneilan. At Leeds, at Folkestone, and at Winsford, in Cheshire, boys lost their lives that day in the same manner.

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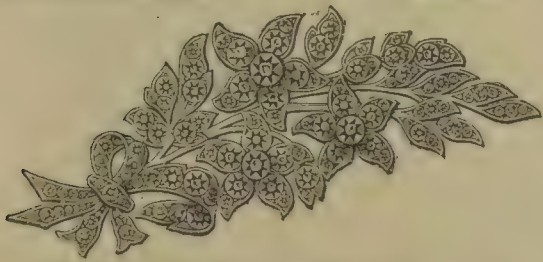
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ART NOTES.

The exhibition of Mr. Burne Jones's work at the New Gallery will probably give fresh point and interest to a discussion which has for some time been going on with regard to the respective merits of English and American stained glass. On the point of design our "cousins" are quite willing to concede the palm to Mr. Burne-Jones, while noting that in many instances there is an affectation of "Byzantine stiffness," often pushed to the extreme. Possibly those who have entered St. Peter's, Vere Street, and are disposed to judge of Mr. Burne-Jones by the window at the east end of the church, will recognise that their criticism is not wholly without foundation. On the question of the colour and quality of the material, the Americans maintain that their countryman Mr. La Farge can do better than Mr. W. Morris, to whom the execution of Mr. Burne-Jones's designs has generally been left. The methods in favour in the two countries being somewhat different, a difference in the result is inevitable. In this country stained-glass windows are generally made out of large plates of uniform thickness and tone of colour. On these plates all the lighter and more delicate lines are subsequently painted with the brush. On the other hand, in the American process, which, we believe, is now also adopted by Messrs. Powell, the glass is all opalescent, in plates of varied thickness and colour, so that the light and dark tones of the window can be obtained by careful selection. It is claimed for this method that in the hands of a great artist far more delicate and subtle treatment of colour can be obtained, and that in this rather than in minuteness of drawing the legitimate aim of stained-glass work is to be found.

The onslaught upon national art museums in general and on that at South Kensington in particular made by Sir J. C. Robinson in the *Nineteenth Century* would, perhaps, have more weight with the public had it come from any other source. The author was for many years connected with that department, and had ample opportunities for exercising those reforms the need of which he now insists upon. It may be true that while he was installed it was "in the power of clerks and storekeepers to select the most delicate and fragile works at their untutored will and pleasure . . . and to send them on perilous and often quite unnecessary peregrinations." The system which now prevails, as the directors of all local museums will testify, is the very reverse of this, and it has been the policy of the present art director not only to keep all unique specimens in London, but, whenever possible, and not detrimental to the interests of students, to provide the "Circulation Department" with reproductions. With regard to Sir J. C. Robinson's criticism on the projected expense of the new buildings, that is a matter for which, except so far as the provision of space for the collections is concerned, the authorities at South Kensington are not responsible. Public opinion has for years loudly demanded that the present unfinished buildings should be completed, and the Office of Works in conjunction with the Treasury has settled the ways and means. With regard to the present system of purchasing in the open market, it may have its drawbacks, but at all events it is free from that taint and suspicion which too often rested upon the department and the ways of its directors in former years, when the purchaser did not hesitate to use the prestige and opportunities afforded by his official position to make a private collection for subsequent sale to connoisseurs.

The appearance of a new edition of the "Catalogue of Works by Foreign Artists" in the National Gallery follows opportunely upon the remarks recently made in these columns. The volume now published is more bulky than its predecessor, and, if possible, it is printed on worse paper and with worse type. It would be interesting to inquire whether either one or the other should be distinguished as "manufactured in Germany," for neither is very creditable to our national industry and former reputation. The number of pictures catalogued has now reached 1361, being an advance of a hundred on the previous edition; but even now the whole number of pictures is not included, for additions have been made to the Gallery since the volume went to press. The want of a current annual supplement, corrected up to date, is therefore obvious. There is, moreover, no need for the niggardliness displayed in the printing of the catalogue. The public purchase, on an average, upwards of 10,000 copies, and, with this assured circulation, there is not a publisher in London who would not produce a volume more worthy of the Gallery. There is no reason that its sale should be made a source of profit, or that the cost of her Majesty's Stationery Office should be reduced by the interest which visitors to the National Gallery take in the pictures purchased out of their own money. All patriotic Englishmen should protest against the miserably got-up book, which contains some of the best biographical notices of foreign painters, and is intended as a guide to almost the finest collection of pictures in the world.

Among the pictures at the Loan Exhibition being held at Moscow in aid of the sufferers from the late famine is an interesting portrait of Molière, which represents the poet under a very different form from that by which the world has generally known him. The picture bears the inscription, "Molière à l'âge de 35 ans, par Mignard, son ami." This epigraph, if correct, would assign the date of 1653 to the picture. Hitherto the portrait of Molière which bore the best tradition of authenticity was that which was formerly at Stafford House, but has since passed into the possession of the Duc d'Aumale, and will consequently become the property of the French nation. It was painted in 1671, only two years before Molière's death, and had passed through the Lenoir and Caffieri collections before it was purchased by the grandfather of the present Duke of Sutherland. As for the portrait in the foyer of the Comédie Française, it has long since been regarded as a copy from an engraving of a work by Mignard, now lost; but, nevertheless, it has the reputation of being to a great extent a likeness. It would be difficult to trace in the Moscow picture the same grave and saddened expression so painfully marked in the later work; but those who would wish to recognise the author of so many masterpieces of wit and brilliancy will perhaps be disposed to lean towards the brighter and happier face portrayed in the Moscow portrait.

At the Burlington Gallery two ladies appear as competitors for public favour—Miss M. R. Hill and Miss E. Hart-Dyke. The former, who has already acquired considerable reputation among the lady artists, sends a pleasant series of Scotch and Irish landscapes, of which the latter are, in many cases, fresh and interesting. Miss Hart-Dyke is more distinctly amateurish in her work, but it is often careful and praiseworthy. Her "Recollections of Country Visits" will probably be as agreeable to herself as to her hosts, but to the

general public they will convey little more than an idea of the artist's visiting-list.—At Mr. Clifford's St. James's Gallery there is a specimen of Don Luis Falero's curious art, "A Comet Crossing the Zodiac," under which title the painter is enabled to convey a certain ideal of line and form which many of our best-known artists would do well to imitate. Whether Don Falero's art is not, in a sense, a *tour de force* rather than a real inspiration is a point as to which it is needless to inquire too captiously.

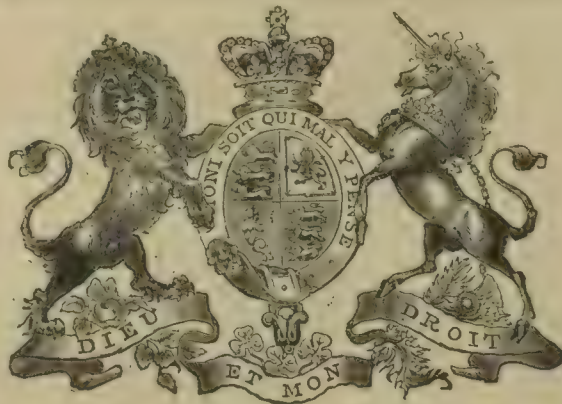
To the Fine Art Society is principally due the modern popularity of "one-man" shows. If the idea did not actually originate with the enterprising manager of the society, he was, at all events, the first to adapt it to living artists; and, if the truth could be known, it would be found that from a pecuniary point of view the artists have been the first to profit by the idea. To the public the value of these shows is twofold: not only have they served to reveal the strength or weakness of the several competitors for approbation, but many a visitor has obtained hints of neighbourhoods unexplored and spots of beauty still unvisited. Since 1876 one hundred exhibitions have been held in the Society's galleries, of which it is only fair to say the very large majority have been successful, and have borne witness to the sincere endeavour on the part of the manager to give recognition to none but competent artists.

The Bulgarian "Sobranje," or Parliament, on Dec. 15, after a speech by M. Stambouloff, the able and resolute Prime Minister, passed, with only thirteen dissentients, the Bill for an alteration in the constitutional law, so as to allow not only the first elected Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, now reigning, but his future successor also, whose marriage with a Catholic Princess is expected, to profess that religion.

A vessel of war for the Japanese Government, the cruiser Yoshino, built at Elswick, on the Tyne, by the Armstrong firm, was launched on Dec. 20. This ship, constructed entirely of steel, has a displacement of 4150 tons; the hull is divided into water-tight compartments; the engines, of 15,000 forced horse-power, the machinery, and the magazines are protected by a thick steel deck, and there is a steel-armoured conning tower. She will carry four six-inch and many smaller quick-firing guns, with torpedoes, and is expected to have very high speed.

The investigation of the affairs of the "Liberator Permanent Building Society," since its estate has been in charge of the official receiver, Mr. C. J. Stewart, under the Liquidation of Companies' Act, has disclosed enormous misappropriations of the funds subscribed by the poor shareholders. Advances to the amount of £2,099,000 were made to the limited liability company of J. W. Hobbs and Co., builders, established a few years ago by Mr. Hobbs, of Norbury Hall, near Streatham; also £239,000 to the company of J. Newman and Co. (Limited), and other large sums to the "Real Estates Company," and to the "House and Land Investment Trust Company," with very little security; while the directors of the Liberator, concealing these transactions, borrowed money at very high rates of interest to pay a five per cent. dividend on the shares, and issued false reports. Their legitimate business altogether amounted to only £77,000, and the present value of the property which represents it stands at £33,000. Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Henry Granville Wright, managing director and solicitor to the "J. W. Hobbs Company," are under a criminal prosecution for the forgery of a series of bills of exchange and for other fraudulent acts.

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Just a little Sunlight.



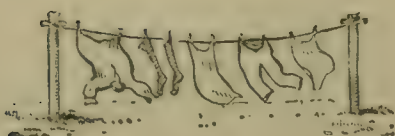
Just a little tub,



Just a little water.



Just a little rub,



Just a little drying
Outside in the sun,



Then the great eventful
Task of washing's done.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

OBITUARY.

Elsewhere we chronicle the decease of Mr. Montagu Williams, Q.C., on Dec. 23, aged fifty-eight.

Mr. Nicholas N. Wood, who represented the Houghton-le-Spring Division of Durham from 1886 to 1892, died on Dec. 24.

Mr. Robert S. Newton, Resident since 1868 at Loanda, has recently died at Madeira.

Dr. H. M. Spera, who was Head Master of Wesley College, Sheffield, from 1853 to 1888, died on Dec. 26, aged sixty-six.

Admiral W. J. Williams (retired), who was present at the battle of Navarino, died on Dec. 19, aged eighty-one.

The Recorder of Bury St. Edmunds, Mr. William Mayd,

died on Dec. 16, at the age of sixty-two. He had occupied the position of Recorder since 1878.

The Post Office Surveyor for the North Midland District, Mr. G. A. Fuller, died suddenly at Exeter on Dec. 21.

Mr. Samuel Holland, who formerly represented Merionethshire in the Liberal interest, died on Dec. 27, aged ninety.

Colonel Charles K. M. Walter, C.S.I., who served in the Indian Political Department for thirty-three years, died on Dec. 25.

An active and able journalist, Mr. Jesse Robert Forman, has lately died. He was editor for many years of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, and had also manifested deep interest in the Newspaper Society. He was forty-two years old.

The Rev. James P. Pitcairn, Vicar of Eccles, and Rural Dean in the Manchester diocese for twenty years, died on Dec. 15.

Another county-court judge has just died—Mr. James Mackonochie, brother of the well-known clergyman, who had been the judge for Wilts and Dorset since 1888.

The Vicar of Rotherham, Rev. William Law, died on Dec. 20. He once captained the Oxford University cricket team, and was a splendid athlete.

An eminent architect, Mr. John Gibson, F.S.A., died on Dec. 23, at the age of seventy-five. In 1890 he received the royal gold medal from the Society of Architects.

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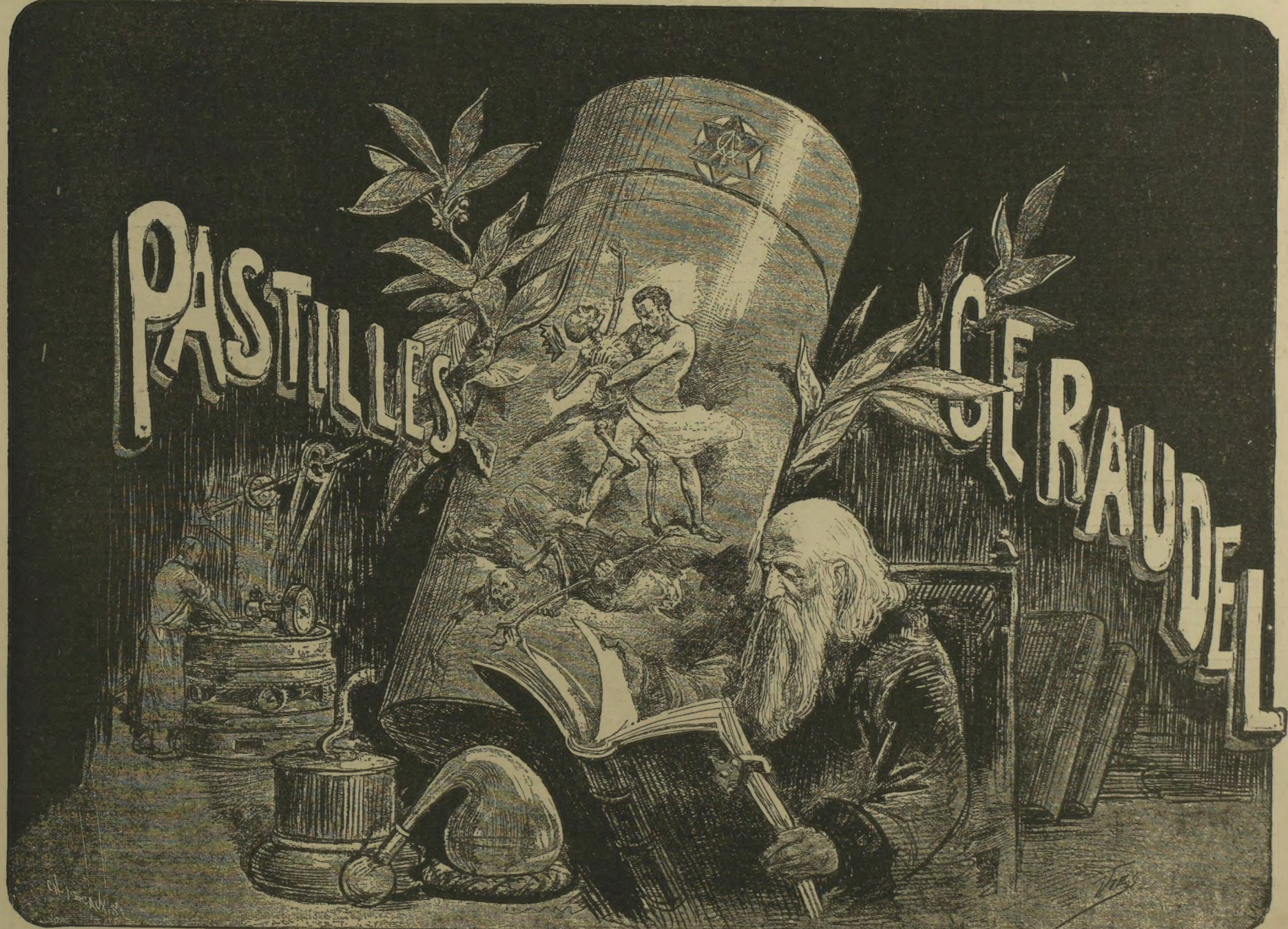
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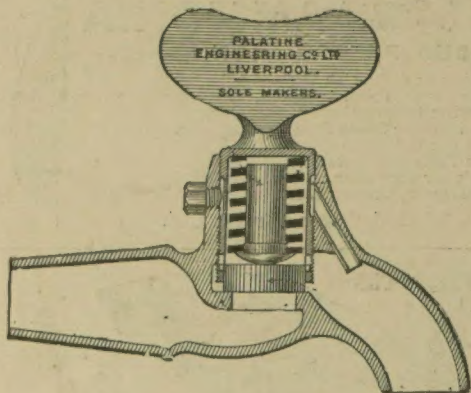
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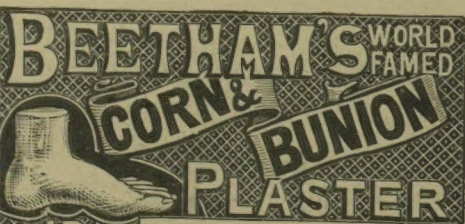
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